

# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

21st Year. No. 41.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

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THOMAS B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

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IN FAIR BERMUDA.

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

As rising tide, as rushing flood,  
So rolls the boundless love of God;  
Nor height, nor depth, nor time, nor space,  
Can restrain or measure saving grace.

As cleansing wave for guilty souls,  
A crimson river onward rolls,  
Where sin, or woe, or shame abound  
The echo of its waves resound.

Through cloud and storm we see afar  
The hope of earth—Life's Morning Star.  
From dungeons dark, from sin's foul tomb,  
Dispel the night, disperse the gloom.

O love of God, divinely free;  
O blood of Christ, that flows for me;  
O Star of Hope, shine from above;  
That leads us back to truth and God.

M. L.

## A Chain in Soul-Winning.

## The First Link.

During some special services last fall a young woman of nineteen years sought and claimed the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

As a direct result, her testimony developed a ringing pointedness; her solo-singing (formerly most studied, with a view to being "pretty") now carried conviction, and her inner soul-life was lifted to a higher plane. Witness: a new, intense love for the Bible, prayer, and other souls.

## The Second Link.

Drawn by a song-message of salvation in an open-air meeting, a young man, stranger to God, ventured as far as the porch of the little mission hall. Reluctant to enter, he stood outside, attracted by the invisible spirit-spell emanating from consecrated service. At that moment a former friend, now converted, linked him into definite, heart-searching conversation on eternal things. He was caught, entered the meeting, and surrendered there and then to Christ's claims.

## The Third Link.

It happened in a railway depot, and the visible pivot upon which the wheel of circumstances revolved was simply that the new convert went in to buy a daily paper at the depot book-stall. He was not journeying by the cars, but having a few moments of leisure sat down to scan the news.

On the further end of the seat was another man, a well-known notorious character, whose life's best aim was broken by sin's ravages. The convert's attention to him had something of that indefinable, but resistless, impulse, unknown to worldlings, but well understood by Spirit-led sons and daughters of God.

The dailies were full of news of the sweeping revival, which has so gloriously turned things right side up—drunkards made sober citizens, blasphemers taught reverence and worship, defaulters transformed into debt-payers, etc., etc. As these topics were now filling the public mind, it was not difficult to find a theme upon which to introduce converse, even with a stranger.

Praying for the right message, the young man ventured to address the other. The Holy Spirit, "who knoweth all things," had planned the opportune moment in this man's chequered life.

Once a wagonette proprietor, then a policeman, afterwards elected to be servant of the State in the unenviable capacity of hangman, later still in the liquor trade, and at present a poor drink-slave, haunted by past memories and harrassed by dire dread of the eternal future. Life itself was a wreck, and home a continual reminder of broken vows. That very morning he had contemplated a suicidal end.

Now, spoken to in a brotherly but personal fashion, of the needs of his soul, chords awoke long dormant, and hope almost extinct sent forth from its smouldering ash-heap new sparks of possibility for even such as he.

The former public executioner, who had witnessed the death-leap of well nigh 500 criminals, broke down and wept, the first time for thirty years, as the love of Jesus, retold also in breaking voice by the young convert, mellowed his hardened heart and melted the springs of his soul by its infinite passion.

A rendezvous was appointed for later in the day. Several of God's children, earnest soul-winners, met together and prayed. The man came, and for an hour and a half prayer and praise mingled. The ex-hangman surrendered definitely to Christ, and at once got the assurance of salvation.

## Yet Another Link.

With his consent, the praying community then changed its quarters and repaired to his long-sinned-against home.

A short time sufficed, and his wife also broke down and yielded herself to Christ.

That same day a drayman delivered a bar-

rel of beer (at his wife's order) who, poor thing, thought by getting it in the house to prevent him going to the "pubs." It was sent back to the brewery, the former drunkard thereby testifying that "old things had passed away, and all things become new."

## HOW HE WAS LED.

Never once was He gently led. He was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. He was led by men filled with wrath to the brow of the hill, that they might cast Him down headlong. He was led away to Annas; led away to Caiaphas; led into the council of the elders and chief priests and scribes; led to Pontius Pilate and into the hall of judgment. And then He—our Lord Jesus Christ—was led as a sheep to the slaughter; led away to be crucified. Verily, His way was rougher than mine.—Frances R. Havergal.

## ALL THE PREACHERS SANCTIFIED.

Talk about old-time religion! Here is a state of things we hope to see often reproduced in these latter days, in public worship. "All the priests that were present were sanctified." (2 Chron. v. 11.) What lot of discussion would then be gotten rid of! And no holding back because some priests believed in sanctification, and others are not quite sure they believe in exactly the same kind. All the squabbles about "When we are sanctified," "How we are sanctified," and all the other "profundities of minutiae" set at rest; for, oh, they all had the blessing! And all together uniting with inexpresible joy to bring up the Ark of the Lord to exactly where it ought to have been long agone! The margin reads: "All the priests that were found were sanctified." Oh, think of it! What a glorious state of things! Not a priest could be found among them all that was not sanctified. Is it any wonder that "the glory of the Lord filled the house of God," and that the trumpets and singers, and all sorts of musical instruments praised and thanked the Lord for His ever-enduring mercy?—Guide to Holiness.

## A SIDE DISH.

A young man had attended the Salvation Army and got saved. The Captain earnestly pointed out to him that now he should do his best to get others saved, warn them of hell, and direct them to heaven. He was a barber by trade, and when he went home he said to his wife:

"Yes, the Captain is right; and what opportunities I have, too, of putting in a good word when I am at work, cutting hair or shaving, I'll do it, too!"

His first customer the next day was an old chum, and he was a little afraid to make the start; but when he had finished lathering he resolved it was now or never; so, as the razor was being strapped, he said:

"Billy, are you prepared to die?"

Billy's head came up like a steel trap. "Wha—what?" he gasped.

"Say, Billy, if you're not prepared to die (strapping furiously) you ought to be prepared now, Billy—now!"

There was a sudden commotion, and Billy had fled out of the door and down the street, carrying with him the barber's towel and apron, and a full complement of fresh lather.

Dr. Judson says: "A Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination I enquired whether she would give up her ornaments for Christ. It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the Gospel. I appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I read to her the apostle's prohibition. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace—she wore but one—and then, with an air of modest decision that would adorn beyond all outward adornment of any of my sisters whom I have the honor of addressing, she quietly took it off, saying, 'I love Christ more than this.'"

## The Influence of a Kind Word.

Kind words can never die;  
Cherished and blest;  
God knows how deep they lie  
Stored in the breast.

It is a strange, but true, story.

Years ago, in Hyde Park, London, sat a dejected youth, who, having come up to London with but a few shillings in his pocket, and knowing no friends to whom to turn, had, nevertheless, been cruelly robbed of his little "all," and was at his wits' end to know what to do next.

A Salvation soldier happened to pass that way.

"Happened," did I say? Yes, but it was one of God's pre-arranged happenings which act like a pivot upon which the wheel of circumstance revolves and imprints the indelible sign of His guiding hand.

Just a kind, sympathetic word from the Salvationist, and the boy's heart is opened, and he pours out his tale of misfortune.

The Army soldier is never at a loss for something to do for his Master. He recognizes that this unknown boy is one of the Father's "little ones," to whom he is given this opportunity of showing kindness.

He takes him by the hand, finds work for him, gets him fixed up in brotherly fashion.

No words can express the boy's gratitude, though he is a poor hand (as boys generally are) at attempting much of that; but he is not slow to recognize that the Army folks generally are the right sort for him, so he threw in his lot with them, became a faithful soldier, and in process of time was accepted as an officer, and came out of training a junior Lieutenant.

After some time health failed. Unable to stand the strain, he retired from public life, and sought employment once more as a soldier in the ranks, emigrating to one of the Motherland colonies.

It means beginning again, learning a new trade, applying himself with diligent care, but finally becoming a diligent workman, trusted by all.

To-day he is a master contractor, and such is his reputation that both publicans and sinners send for him to undertake their work.

He does big contracts for the city corporation, and, in fact, cannot accept nearly all the work which comes to his office.

What about his religion? Ah, he is still a good Salvationist, having set the Lord always before him, the claims of His Kingdom are first, and he is a strength to the local corps, and a blessing to all.

We commend the example of this comrade to our newly-come brothers and sisters from the Old Land.

"Set the Lord always before you." He has promised prosperity to those who find their delight in Him, and keep company with His chosen ones.

Do not express contempt for, nor pass by, small things. Notice every little thing which presents itself to you, for from small things proceed large things. Notice, that by small things many of our great men found out large things. Thus Newton discovered the law of gravitation by the falling of an apple before his feet.

# Life Sketch of Adjutant Cooper,

In Charge of St. John District.

**G**RATES COVE, on the East Coast of Newfoundland, is the spot superior to all others to me, as it was there, in the year 1870, that I was born. Plenty of good fresh breezes were my lot, for the village lay along the Atlantic Coast.

I was blessed with godly parents. They belonged to the Methodist Church, and consequently my early training was favorable towards helping to shape my course in life.

Mother died when I was twelve years old; we were five brothers (I being the third) and of course when mother was gone boys had, to a certain extent, to "fish for themselves." One year after, I was converted in an old-fashioned Methodist revival, at the old homestead.

At fifteen and a-half years of age I left home and went to a place called Catalina, on the East Coast, to learn my trade as a tinsmith, shortly afterwards moving on to St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland. It was here that I first saw the Salvation Army. I used to attend at old No. 1, corps, and drank in the truths each night, realizing ere long that these were the people of my future choice.

At that time I was working with a boss who thought he "knew it all"; religion was far from him. On one occasion I spent too much time in prayer, or at least he thought so, and the devil in him became disturbed. I tell you he let off some pent-up steam, and swore and raged at me, saying he "didn't keep a house of prayer." I pitied the poor, deluded man, and went on to do what little I could for God. More than once my faith was sorely tested, and the devil often told me to retaliate and black his eye, but, thank God, I always got the victory, and these early triumphs have helped me to gain greater ones.

Shortly after this I gave my name as a recruit, and was enrolled as a soldier in due time. This was all before I was sixteen years old, because at that time I struck out for myself. I was, figuratively speaking, thrown overboard, so had

### To "Swim or Sink."

I then left to try my luck in Burin, on the West Coast. I went to sea for four years, during which time my spiritual light went out, and with ungodly companions I went very far in sin and drank to excess.

I remember at one time, after getting paid off with our summer's wage, my brother and I rowed

a chum and I rowed a small boat five miles to get a bottle of liquor, and after getting filled ourselves, we started for home. It was dangerous; we almost capsized our boat. Each of us was about "three sheets in the wind," but we managed to get to the wharf, and of course

Lieut. Cooper.

started to "do the town." Sorry to say, the town did us. Enough said.

Another occasion, our vessel put into Trepassey, a port in Conception Bay, for shelter. There being some other vessels from our town there, we went ashore for a "jolly spree." We managed to get a "few rounds," but the old dame who sold the liquor wouldn't give us two drinks at the same time, so we concocted a scheme by which one of the men disguised himself and got the extra dose.

These were wretched days. An old grudge would float on top with very little coaxing, and of course would have to be settled at once. Blows were as frequent as bread and butter, and many a time in my sober moments was I sad at heart when I thought of the wretched life I was living.

No sin was too bad for me to grapple with. I remember trying—yes, really succeeding—in getting a sick man (whom we were bringing up to die) drunk, by way of devilment, by giving him a glass now and then for

appointment as Cadet at Brigus, which was reckoned one of the hardest corps in the country. Then followed Carbonear for six weeks. The next year I was made Lieutenant and sent to assist Capt. (now Ensign) Bowering. There came a very important step to me. I was sent as mate of the mission boat, Glad Tidings, scouting the small inlets and harbors of the West Coast of Newfoundland.

In the fall of that year I was sent to Grand Bank. Next came Lieutenant in charge of Fortune. St. John's I. followed, and then the little knowledge I had of the sea brought me again to sea faring life, as mate of the yacht Salvationist, at Labrador. We spent a very blessed summer there, preaching salvation and helping in many ways some of the thousands of people who go there from Newfoundland during the summer season to fish. After coming home I was promoted Captain and sent to Channel; then Bonavista and Pilley's Island; then traveling in charge of a troupe, with the renowned "Stewart Taylor," for four months, and after another summer on the Salvationist I supplied at Bay Roberts for six weeks, and opened the St. John's Men's Shelter, remaining in charge ten months.

Then came the event which my friends prophesied would come to pass years before. After my marriage to Capt. Russell we were sent back to Carbonear for a second term. Seven months later we were promoted to the rank of Ensigns and sent as D. O's to Tilt Cove Corps and District. At this

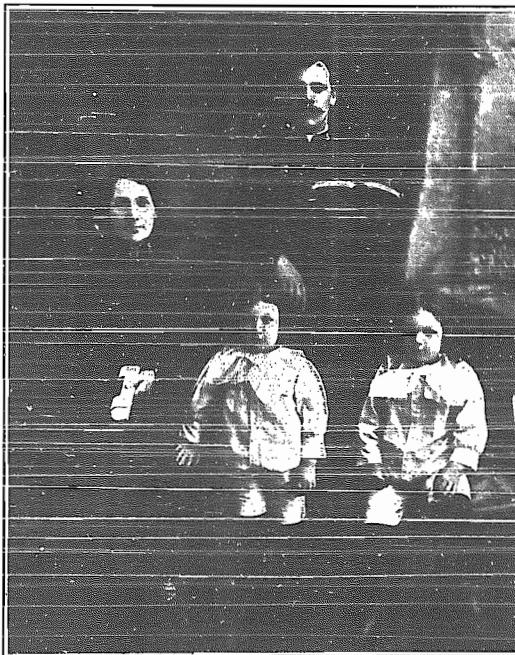
### A Magnificent Soul-Saving Work

went on from beginning to end of our term. Twillingate and Grand Bank Districts came next; from the last named we received our farewell orders to leave the old shore for Canada.

Our first appointment was Springhill Corps and District. Then, after ten years' fighting, our beloved Provincial Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, kindly arranged for us to have two weeks' furlough at the Home of Rest at Annapolis. From there we spent terms in Fredericton and North Sydney

Districts, and at present we are doing our best in the St. John's District, where souls are getting saved and soldiers made. God is going to give us victory, for we are trusting in His promises.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in faith, believing, ye shall receive," is the divine injunction.—Yours to save, George Cooper, Adj't.



Adj't. and Mrs. Cooper.

medicine. Although I was sowing my wild oats, there were

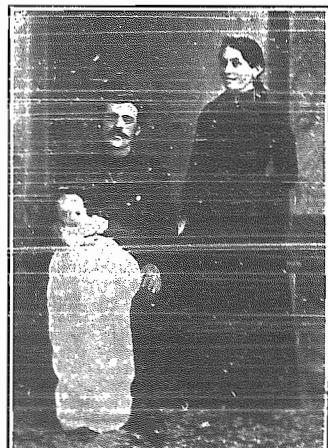
### No People Like the Salvation Army

to us sailors. Pity the landsman who would speak against them in our presence.

At last I was caught in their net. Capt. Baldwin (now Mrs. Adj't. Collier) and Lieut. Ebsary (now Mrs. Ensign Howell) were glad to see me make a start, but I presume their confidence in me was rather slim, as my past life was such a rugged one. But, thank God, I surprised them all, and held on for the next two years as a soldier of Burin corps. After that time I felt God was calling me to go and rescue others of my stamp. Accordingly I applied, and was put off for six months. At the termination of this period I again applied and was accepted for the St. John's Training Garrison, under Adj't. Taylor (now Staff-Captain). In those days our Army experience was novel. Pitchers of boiling water and old blankets, thrown on our heads from the balcony of some back alley, etc., were frequent occurrences. But God poured out His Spirit in a most remarkable manner.

I shall never forget one Sunday, as we were marching down Patrick Street, a mob turned on us; but all the Cadets stuck to their post like warriors. I got my head cut open in two places; drum heads were cut out; missiles and stones came from all quarters, but the devil missed his mark, for those rough days made good soldiers of us.

In the fall of 1892 I received my first ap-



Ensign and Mrs. Cooper and their First Baby.

# The General in New Zealand.

By Commissioner Nicol.

## WELLINGTON.

On the Thursday following (after two days' wonderful councils with the Staff and Field Officers of the Southern Island) the General embarked for the Empire City, Wellington, speaking at Christchurch station and in front of the steamer at Port Lyttelton.

Here began a series of events which would require a War Cry to themselves. The Prime Minister of the colony, the Hon. R. T. Seddon, was traveling by the same steamer. Before unmooring the Premier found out the General's cabin, entered it in a jolly, boyish spirit, and offered a gushing welcome to the General once more. The two men flashed exchanges of goodwill, and standing, they each chatted of their work, anecdotes of the past being plentifully bestowed. Perhaps the wittiest on the Premier's side was one relating to the late Sir George Grey.

At one in the morning, long before the bells of the milk cart or the street car were heard, Salvationists in hundreds streamed down to the Wellington wharf. Male and female, brass bands, junior corps, veteran locals, and a crowd of sympathizers surrounded the steamer that carried the precious freight, and when the General was seen stepping on to the gangway the cheering was deafening.

The Mayor, Mr. Aitken, a gentleman who for five and a-half years has filled that position without drinking a toast, or allowing the council to do so, in spirits of any kind, warmly accorded the citizens' hospitality to its distinguished visitor. Mr. Seddon, the Premier, added one more in behalf of the colony, and the General replied partly by preaching a sermon and partly by thanking the crowd for their presence so early in the morning.

The real welcome, however, was given at night, when the Premier presided at a gathering in Wesley Church—crowded to the doors, and beyond. The reception was on a level with what Wellington always gives to the General—saying a deal—and the enthusiasm was unbounded throughout.

The Premier made a remarkable speech, producing a great impression.

## RECEPTION AT PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

### A Quite Unprecedented Scene.

The Prime Minister, it was said, would get himself into trouble by throwing open Parliament Buildings to honor General Booth. On hearing the criticism—for New Zealand is not without its coterie of little souls—the Premier is reported to have remarked, "If they throw me out of office for honoring him whom the King honored, then it will be the biggest honor that New Zealand has yet conferred upon me." But there was no need to fear. Seldom has a reception been accorded a man at which there was displayed such genuine good will—in fact, all precedents were thrown overboard for the moment. It was not the Premier who issued the invitations, it was the Ministry. The grounds, within and without, were placed at the disposal of all grades of Salvationists, while hundreds of civil servants and their wives and daughters, streamed into the lobby of the House of Representatives. Our bands played Salvation music on the lawn in front. Members of the Cabinet acted as guides to the General's Staff. The Members' Refreshment Room was turned into a tea-room. The Legislative Council Chamber—the House of Lords of the colony's Legislature—was extemporized for an overflow, and here lady singers entertained the visitors. As proof of the representativeness of the reception, the fact of there being 650 prominent people present is conclusive.

The General's reply formed a fine presentation of our principles, enlivened by pungent

and humorous references to the events and personalities of the moment.

On a line with this gathering was the General's lecture next day upon the Army. Here the Governor, Lord Plunket, K.C., V.O., presided, and it is very satisfactory to record such testimonies to the utility of our work in New Zealand.

Almost as weighty was Dr. McArthur's testimony, for he spoke as the chief stipendiary of Wellington.

All this was very good—excellent—unprecedented when placed all together, but, as the General often says, he would rather be employed making Salvationists than talking of Salvationism. So I have the joy of recording that Wellington exceeded Christchurch in crowds, enthusiasm, spiritual energy, and results—all in all 222 sought salvation and restoration during the General's brief stay in the city.

On the morning of his departure Sir Robert and Lady Stout and the Mayor accompanied our leader to the station, where a big crowd once more gathered to bid him God-speed.

## The Commissioner in East Ontario.

(Special.)

The Commissioner spent a very busy week-end in East Ontario, with Brigadier Turner, visiting Picton, Napanee, and Belleville. Thirty surrenders were made and officers and soldiers were much inspired. The meeting at Napanee on Saturday afternoon was an eye-opener; a splendid crowd, and when we left the meeting to catch our train there were six crying for deliverance at the mercy seat. Hallelujah! Full report next week.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

## Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin at Montreal.

On his return journey from Newfoundland, the Colonel put in a good day's warfare with the Montreal braves.

Ten seekers for the day. Stirring marches, powerful meetings, good attendances, sustained interest, and a magnificent night open-air on Victoria Square, with a large crowd of listeners, is the brief summary reported as we go to press.

Announcement is now made that Colonel and Mrs. Higgins, Chief Secretary at New York Headquarters, are under "marching orders."

In connection with this important event, which we are informed is to take place in July, we cannot do better than reproduce the Commander's declaration:

"It is with deep regret I have to make known the farewell of the Chief Secretary and his devoted wife. The wide-spread esteem and affection in which Colonel and Mrs. Higgins are held will cause this news to be received with sorrow from the highest to the lowest of our ranks.

"The Chief Secretary, through the nine years of his appointment in the country, has supported the administration of his leaders with an unwavering and unbroken devotion, and by his able executive ability and well-known capacity for hard work, has rendered the blood-and-fire flag service by which America will for ever profit. Officers of all ranks testify to the rich spiritual blessings received in his soul-stirring meetings, and hundreds of those who are now soldiers look back upon them as the birth-place of their salvation, while at National Headquarters he has proved himself to be that prop which is so needed at the seat of central and active war.

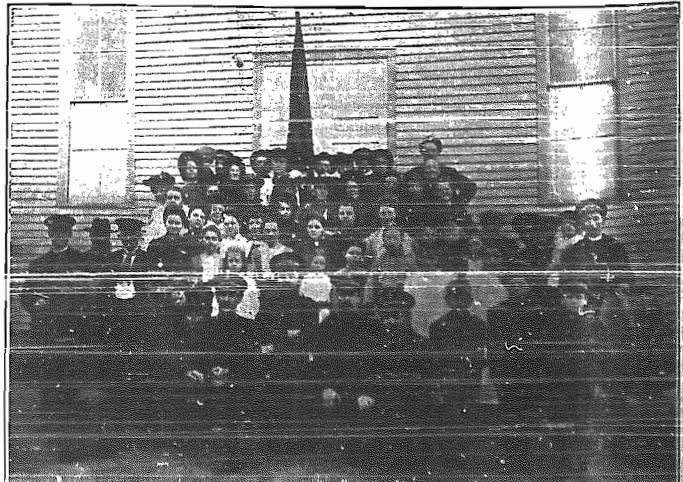
"Mrs. Colonel Higgins, whose efforts in the Rescue Work have been crowned with such marvelous success, will be greatly missed, not only by her own officers, but by the women warriors of every branch. Her unselfish and noble character has made an impress upon the hearts and lives of all those with whom she has come in contact, while the many and marked advances made in the Women's Social speak for the daily toil and practical schemes she has given to her individual responsibilities.

"To whatever point of vantage on our world-wide battle-ground the east-of-war may call these officers, their memory will be ever cherished beneath the Stars and Stripes, and their path to future appointments will be followed by the faith of thousands of hearts that loved and valued them here—Evangeline Booth, Commander."

## Lieut.-Col. Pugmire at Kingston.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire conducted a meeting in the Kingston Penitentiary on Sunday last. The power of God fell on the 300 men gathered together, 40 of them desiring prayers for their own salvation.

The Colonel also led the evening service at the barracks, with visible results.



The Commissioner, Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Provincial Staff, and Kingville, Ont., Corps.



### MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH IN SWITZERLAND.

Great was the expectation of Swiss Salvationists when it was known that their annual field demonstrations (always timed for Ascension Day) were to be conducted by Mrs. Booth herself.

She was accompanied by Commissioner Cox, Commissioner and Mrs. McAlonan, and her daughter, Miriam Booth. A great tent was erected at Zurich. Huge crowds gathered; magnificent processions through the city, led by several bands, and waving banners, marked the progress of the Army's development.

And, best of all, 185 souls were counted as the day's seekers.

Mrs. Booth made a great impression by reading the Scripture in German, whilst her daughter's singing of two or three German solos was hardly less appreciated.

The land was for the first time granted free by the Zurich corporation.

Mrs. Booth also visited the Rescue Home in that city, and had informal talks with both officers and inmates.

Following her visit Commissioner and Mrs. McAlonan continued the series of ten meetings, and 195 seekers were recorded.

In French Switzerland identical with the above fete, Commissioner Cosandey led the forces in a tent near Neuchatel. At these gatherings 105 souls sought pardon or purity.

### THE WOMEN'S HOTEL, BELGIUM.

Very cheering are the year's figures issued by our women workers. Nearly 4,000 stranded girls and women availed themselves of the accommodation provided for their benefit, and some 9,000 rations were distributed.

Sample cases of those benefitted are given.

Lina came to us direct from the Maternity Hospital, with two babies in her arms. Those who brought her forewarned us of her threat to commit suicide. Our first care was to endeavor to awake maternal love and win her heart. Therefore we tended the two innocent babes with all the more solicitude. The effect was visible at once. Poor Lina opened her heart to us, and later on surrendered herself to her pitying Saviour.

Francis was in a deplorable state, verging on despair. She had been deceived, dishonored, and abandoned, and could trust no one. Love won her heart, nevertheless — the matchless love of God, who offers abundant pardon to the repentant sinner. She was converted, and shortly afterwards took our advice, returned to her mother's roof, who, poor soul, received her with tears of joy, writing us profuse words of gratitude for the timely aid rendered.

### PANAMA.

The rush of laborers into the Republic of Panama continues to such an extent that the population along the canal works has increased by some thousands. The work of the Army in these parts started at the right time, and a splendid soul-saving campaign is progressing. At Colon, in connection with the officers' welcome meeting, a score or more souls sought the Saviour. Christadelphians, too, have already enrolled a number of soldiers, and ere this Panama City has probably been bombarded.

### INDIA.

In our Marathi Industrial School for Girls an English class has been instituted, and several of the older girls have made encouraging advance in the language. They do the Army credit by their cleanly appearance and good behavior. Although the majority are rescued from the famine, they are developing into strong, healthy lassies, and we trust that in return for their maintenance and education they will do the Army good service in the interests of the Kingdom of Christ in the years to come.

### CEYLON.

One day not long ago a Buddhist priest, wearing his robes, walked thirteen miles to our Ceylon Headquarters, and there gave himself to God. We now have three Singhalese ex-priests in our ranks as officers or cadets.

### SALVATION ARMY POTATO PATCHES.

There are thousands of able-bodied men in the American cities who cannot get work, besides a large number of permanently unemployed, who are mostly aged.

To meet the needs of these classes the Salvation Army has inaugurated a new departure in Social Work. This is known as vacant-lot gardens, or potato patches.

A large tract of land, known as the old Burke Farm, on the Astor Estate, located at Hunt and Bronxdale Avenues, on the outskirts of New York City, has been secured. Through the efforts of Mr. Bolton Hall, this farm has been placed in the hands of the Army, rent free, for a year. The property contains a twelve-room house, now occupied by the officer in charge of the operations. There is also a large barn and a fine orchard. The Captain has already had the land ploughed, divided into quarter-acre sections, and prepared for gardening purposes. It is the Army's purpose to give, free of charge, the use of one quarter-acre each to poor families who need such assistance. These they can cultivate, and on them raise vegetables.

The Army will furnish the seed and gardening implements, and the Manager will give all the instruction needed by those who do not understand gardening.

This being the first effort of the kind which the Army has launched, the issue will be watched with interest.

### NEW WOMEN'S HOTEL FOR MELBOURNE.

A new Women's Hotel has been established in Melbourne, whence poor women will be able to get a threepenny bed and a threepenny meal. This is likely to be a great boon to a certain class.

Better accommodation will be provided for those who can pay more.

This institution has been established to provide a comfortable home for working women, factory girls, and those who work in shops. Everything will be done to supply the home-feeling, which is so often missed by young women who come to our cities.

The new building is a magnificent place and is centrally situated.

### NEW INDUSTRIAL HOME IN JAMAICA.

The Daily Gleaner, of Kingston, tells in kindly language of the opening of a newly-acquired property destined to serve as an Industrial Home for Women, on June 14th, in that town.

For some three years Rescue Work has been carried on in a quiet way on the island, during which time 104 women or girls have passed through the Home.

They have come from every parish in the island, and under varying circumstances, representing almost every denomination. But all have been cared for and "mothered" alike, and not only saved from their untoward surroundings and vices, but taught to contribute to their own support by industry in the Home, and eventually either restored to friends or sent out to honorable situations.

Typical cases of both colors nationally are given.

Country girls coming to the city for employment, cruelly deceived and led into sin by those who engaged them, have been followed up lovingly and persistently by the officers, and persuaded to abandon evil courses.

Another case was that of a young orphan, aged 14, who ran away from her only guardian, a grandmother; this child was traced and discovered amid bad companions, from whom she was rescued, and is now being trained in one of the Government Institutions.

Inebriates have also been received and patiently dealt with, whilst yet a fourth class of work has been that of caring for infants whose mothers were obliged to leave them daily in pursuit of toil for their sustenance.

Destitute girls, stranded through unforeseen circumstances, have also been subjects of care in this branch.

Dr. Nuttall, the Archbishop of the West Indies, has lent the weight of his sympathy and influence in favor of the Home from the start, and being under the direct superintendent of Mrs. Colonel Rauch, with Adjutant Dobney, an officer of wide Rescue and Field experience, we predict for the newly-opened Home much useful work and blessing.

### COLONEL BRENGLE IN SWEDEN.

Lieut.-Colonel Brengle's campaign is increasing in usefulness.

His meetings in the Provinces have accomplished glorious results, and both our own people as well as great numbers of friends remember the Colonel's visits with gratitude to God.

In Scandinavia the summer season is brief, but very bright, and consequently it is difficult now to secure large crowds indoors. The Colonel has not experienced much disappointment in this respect, however. At Orebro, for instance, the large Vasa Church was crowded, and the penitent form was filled two or three times with earnest seekers after holiness. His campaign in that city closed with about one hundred seekers at the mercy seat, and similar results were attained both at Gothenburg and Jonkoping.

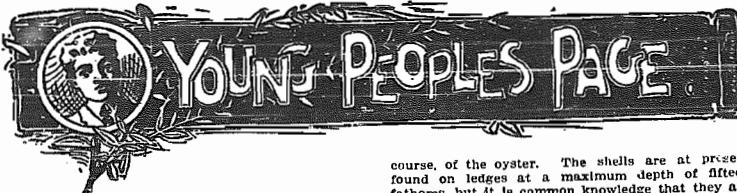
In two or three days' meetings at Norrkoping the total was fifty-seven. Among the number who came out for the blessing of a clean heart was a deaf mute, who hastened from the gallery to the penitent form.

### ANOTHER MISSIONARY PARTY.

The party of twenty-three English officers who were commissioned for South Africa, by the Chief of the Staff, on the celebration of the General's birthday, has safely arrived at Cape Town, and received a warm welcome.

These reinforcements were destined principally to benefit the native work, and have proceeded to their various appointments amongst the Zulus, Mashonas, and Boers, with the zeal proceeding from a burning love for souls.

May God bless their efforts.



## Pearling and the Pearl Divers.

Perhaps the most desolate country in the world is that which extends from Exmouth Gulf, in Western Australia, in a north-easterly direction to King Sound, and inland as far as man has ever penetrated.

Long before the presence of gold inland was dreamt of, the coast had been receiving attention from the roving natives of the Malaysian Archipelago. They discovered that the waters round the shadeless shores of Australia's nor'-west were richer in pearl-shell than those around their own island homes, and consequently they paid periodical visits to Roebuck Bay, the first established of Australia's pearl-fishing industry. For a time the Malay lorded it over the unfortunate aborigines, forcing them to dive for the shell, and generally making slaves of them. They came to grief, too, however, for when news of the wealth of the great South Land filtered through the Chinese pirates who infested the eastern seas, they proceeded to investigate, and as a result the Malay regime passed away.

There are no records of those times, but it is probable that Dampier just missed being a spectator of a Malay-Chinese naval battle somewhere off the Ninety-Mile beach; and from fragmentary evidences it also seems that while the intrepid Captain Cook was discovering Australia on the south-east, the yellow man was in his second century of possession on the north-west.

Time passed, and Western Australia became a convict settlement. Many of those miserable beings escaped—some to the interior, where their bones have since been found, and some by sea to the north. To these latter individuals belongs the honor of first making pearl-fishing a British profession. How they did it had better remain unsaid, but as their number increased the Chinamen as pearl lords began to disappear. Soon the free men of Perth, now the capital of a prosperous British colony, turned their eyes to the north; the gold-seekers did likewise, and as the result, that forbidden tract between the sixteenth and twenty-second south parallel is now, probably, the richest piece of land—and water—in the world. The warm blue wavelets of the Indian Ocean still play lazily and ceaselessly upon the sun-baked shore. The mangrove swamps are still there, and unfailingly transmit the fever to the stranger as before. The Chinese, Malays, and aborigines are also there as of old; but the crude form of pearl-fishing, the naked divers, the lawlessness, and the Chinese pirates have given place to fully equipped luggers, latest improved diving-dresses, the British law and the British Master Pearler.

Throughout the six hundred odd miles of coastline there are about

**Three Thousand Men Engaged**

in the pearl-fishing industry, but of that number only about two hundred lay claim to the princely term Master Pearler. There are perhaps a hundred other whites who are not in that fortunate position, and who, therefore, content themselves with a first-class salary and a share in the profits in return for their services on behalf of the others. The remaining two thousand seven hundred are chiefly Japanese, Manchurians, Malays, and aborigines—but most other races are also represented. These people form the crews of the pearl-fishing luggers, and the white man who acts as skipper exercises more power over them, than any sovereign on earth—when he is sober. The Master Pearlers are a splendid body of men. They are extremely wealthy, and are ever ready to assist any of their comrades who may have run into such schooners on uncharted rocks or otherwise have had bad luck.

Broome, on Roebuck Bay, is the chief centre of the pearl-fishing industry, and when the fleet is at home, in the monsoon season, it is undoubtedly the "hottest pole on earth," in a double sense. Broome consists of the Cable Company's landing station, four drinking saloons, a huge prison, and three houses, all built of galvanized iron. There are also a dozen bark huts, and about the same number of mud "humpies," while about a hundred "breakwinds" constitute the roofless home of some of the better class among the natives. The rest sleep wherever they happen to be when the potent "snake juice" (alleged whisky) overcomes them, but the Master Pearler usually stays on board his schooner. Broome is always evil-smelling, but it is especially so when the wind blows from the direction of the opening sheds; its prison is always well filled, and its inhabitants are always drunk.

Pearling does not consist—as the name of the industry might imply—of searching for the pearl-gem. These silicious secretions are so rare that the pearler never troubles about them, although he knows how to value any that may escape the thieving fingers of the openers. It is the shell which forms the attraction; and as long as mother-of-pearl commands its present prices, will probably continue to do so. As it stands, the pearler receives £80 to £120 per ton for the crude casting, emptied, of

course, of the oyster. The shells are at present found on ledges at a maximum depth of fifteen fathoms, but it is common knowledge that they are more plentiful at a greater depth, and a fortune awaits the man who invents the diving-dress which will enable those deeper beds to be explored.

(To be continued.)

## ELEPHANTS LUMBERING.

(From the Pall Mall Magazine.)

"The elephants around us were dragging the logs to the mill to be sawn. They were harnessed for this with a broad breastband and heavy chains. A native looped the chains round the logs, and the elephant started off with them and deposited them on the trolley. Others were picking up the sawn planks with their trunks and carrying them across the yard to be piled.

"A nutmeg sat on the neck of every elephant, and the animal picked up too small a plank the mahout would hint, with his iron spike, that two might go to that load. Then, grunting, the elephant would pick up the second, with infinite delicacy of balance, turn, march over, and deposit them beside the pile, always returning for another load so long as there were any planks ready. When there were none he would take his ease in the sun, and wait. Or perhaps there were heavy logs to be pushed from one place to another; and if pushing would do, with his trunk curled against the log, no elephant would give himself the trouble of picking it up, any more than a housemaid will pick up a chair on castors.

"More fascinating it was than I can tell to see the jungle patriarch kneel down to a heavy log, twist his trunk around it, place it on the top of the pile, and then calculate its position, and push and pull until it is square in its place. The oddest, because the most reasonable thing, was to see the elephant, pushing against the end of a very heavy log, stretch out one hind leg to give himself purchase. That seemed to bring him, somehow, very near to us; he was not only doing our work, but he was doing it in our way.

"Presently, with one accord, all the elephants dropped work and moved in the direction of the sheds.

"That means it's eleven o'clock," said the foreman. "Dinner hour. Not for King Edward himself could we get them to do a stroke of work from now till three. It's their off time. At three they begin again, and work till dusk, and they start about six in the morning, but they don't understand overtime."

## HOW ISLANDS GET FORESTS.

(From the House Beautiful.)

When traveling among the Islands of the Pacific or Atlantic one often wonders how it is that lands so far away from great continents have become covered with forests, but Darwin and other naturalists have solved the difficulty for us.

Thus we learn from Darwin that he took from the seed of a woodcock a cake of dry earth in which was a seed of the toad-rush. He planted the seed, and it germinated and flowered.

Prof. Newton sent him the leg of a partridge, which had been wounded and unable to fly. Attached to it was a clod of earth weighing six and a-half ounces. He broke up the clod and placed it under the bell-glass. No fewer than eighty-two plants sprung from it. It is the more interesting

to know that the clod of earth containing this treasure was kept three years before planting.

## A BOY ASTRONOMER.

Scottish Youth of Seventeen Who has Written a Learned Work.

Astronomers, like poets, are born, not made. No man taken to astronomy from mercenary motives, and only zeal and enthusiasm can supply the patience and perseverance necessary to accomplish real and abiding work in the study of the wonders of the starry heavens. If Scotland has produced no Galileo or Herschel, she has James Ferguson, Sir David Brewster, and others of whom she need not be ashamed.

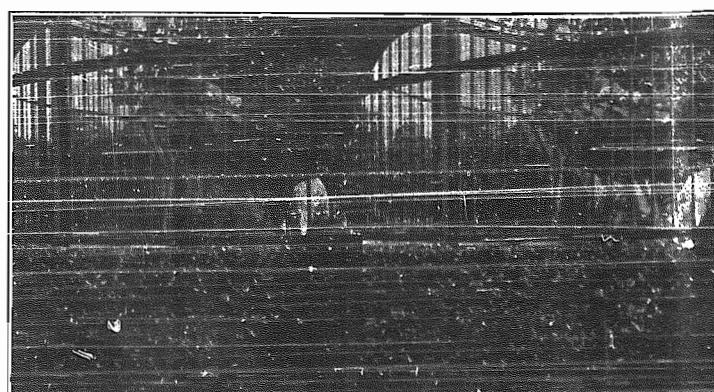
Hector Macpherson, Jr., a lad of seventeen, the author of "Astronomers of To-Day," recently published by Messrs. Gall & Inglis, Edinburgh, may be heard of in future. The son of one of the best known journalists in Scotland, he has had no systematic education and has never been to a public school. His father, an admirer and biographer of Herbert Spencer, has "views" on education. He considers that the first thing should be to allow the mind of a child to develop freely and naturally. "Touch the young imagination," he says; "rouse a child's curiosity, and then satisfy it."

Young Hector's home is at Johnsbury, Balerno, a pretty, tree-sheltered old Midlothian country house, several miles from Edinburgh. The house, by the way, was occupied about the end of the eighteenth century by Prof. Adam Ferguson, the friend of Adam Smith and David Hume. Here the youthful astronomer has had ample leisure and opportunity to cultivate his favorite science. He has never been made to "grind at grammar." In his own or other language, though his father has helped him in several ways, and encouraged him to find out things for himself. The lad has acquired in this way a large amount of general knowledge unknown to the ordinary school boy, and has acquired the faculty of giving expression to his ideas in clear, terse, vigorous English.

When twelve or thirteen he began to show a strong interest in astronomy. His father, believing it is good for the youthful mind to occupy itself with great subjects, gave the boy encouragement, and procured for him astronomical primers, written in simple and popular style. Instead of wearying, the lad's wonder and interest were aroused. He got a general idea of the whole subject, and worked steadily through many astronomical books, increasing in difficulty. By bit by bit the young astronomer developed, getting a corner of his home fitted up as an observatory, with telescopes, Orrery, star maps, and other paraphernalia as became a private observer.

By and by, at his father's suggestion, he commenced a series of articles in an Edinburgh weekly newspaper on the greatest astronomers of the past. Next he thought he would like to write on the work accomplished by living astronomers. Having tried in vain to find in any book published in English up-to-date information as to the work of such men as Schiaparelli, Flammarion, and others, the boy wrote to the scientists themselves, sent on copies of some of his articles to show what he was doing, and begged for accurate information to show what each man considered his most important contribution to science during his life-work. An interesting and friendly correspondence followed with different astronomers, and the lad got not only compliments on the scope and quality of his articles, but valuable, reliable, and up-to-date information from eminent astronomers both on the Continent and in America, as well as portraits of the savants sent by themselves. The result was a series of articles, which have now been published in book form under the title, "Astronomers of To-Day."

At present the youthful astronomer, in addition to pursuing his studies of the stars, is engaged in mathematical and other studies under a private tutor, with a view to entering at Edinburgh University.—London Chronicle.



Bengal Tiger at London Zoo.

# SOME PLAIN TRUTHS.

By Lieut.-Colonel S. L. Brengle.

Many people think that sanctification, or holiness, has to do only with the soul. But the truth is that it has to do with every part of our nature, and every article of our possession. The body is to be sanctified as well as the soul. Paul wrote to the Thessalonians as follows: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Thess. v. 23). By this he means that the body is to be set apart and kept as a holy thing for the Lord.

We are to make a present of our bodies to the Lord. Paul says, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, . . . that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." (Rom. xii. 1.) Just as the soldier surrenders his personal liberty, and gives his body to his country, for hard campaigns, for toilsome marches, for weary sieges, and, if needs be, for death, so we are to present our bodies to God. Jesus gave His body for us, and we are to give our bodies to Him.

Not only are we to present our bodies as a whole, but each member as well; the eyes, the ears, the hands, the feet, the tongue, each and all are to be given. (See Rom. vi. 13.)

The eyes are to be turned away from the things that would wear the soul from God. The General tells of a holy man he knew, who, when he walked the streets, kept his eyes straight before him, not looking into the store windows, lest his communion with God should be hindered, and his mind be filled with worldly, foolish, and covetous thoughts.

Some years ago silver bracelets were very fashionable, and a young woman who had plenty of money went to buy a pair. But before she found any pretty and dainty enough to suit her she got converted, and then she knew she had no right to spend her money foolishly to wear such things, even if she had them. But her eyes had got into the habit of searching shop windows for these bracelets in every city where she went, and she found that the habit was very bad for her soul!

It made her care less to pray, and hindered her thinking about Jesus when she was out walking, and actually lessened her desire to win souls. So she had to give her eyes up to God, to be kept from leading her away from Jesus; and for years afterward she said she never went through a shopping street without praying David's prayer: "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity."

It was a longing look toward the fertile plains that led to all the sorrows and losses of Lot. It was a covetous look at the Babylonish garment and wedge of gold that led to the utter ruin of Achan.

There are some things that a Christian should not look at, and if by chance his eyes should fall upon them, they should be turned away quickly, lest sin should get into his heart through eye-gate. Everyone who wishes to be holy will say with Job, "I have made a covenant with mine eyes."

## Where He Testified.

Seldom in meetings certainly, for he was one of the quietest of soldiers. Not that he had no testimony to give—his life was one beautiful testimony of the grace of God in a working man.

He was employed in the iron works in a well-known Yorkshire town.

There were many hundreds of men who earned their daily bread in that place, but in spite of that fact the employer took particular note of this man's life.

He watched him day after day, all unconscious to the soldier himself, who simply went on conscientiously doing what he believed to be his duty.

Self-Denial time came round, and the corps

Again, the ears are to be sanctified. The holy man will guard himself lest sin enter into his heart through ear-gate. "Take heed what ye hear," said Jesus; and again, "Take heed how ye hear." Just so surely as the body can be poisoned or nourished and strengthened by the things we eat, according to whether they are good or bad, so surely can the soul be poisoned or nourished by the things we hear.

But while we should not listen to evil, neither should we speak it. Sometimes it is impossible to avoid hearing the evil. Though we cannot control the tongues of others, we must control our own, and while we may not be able always to avoid hearing what is wicked, we can avoid repeating it.

If we would be holy, and enjoy God's smile, we must sanctify our tongues, and keep our lips pure. "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearer." (Eph. iv. 29.) We must not forget, however, that the heart is the fountain from which flows all our talk, and if that be clean the conversation will be pure. Jesus said, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Therefore, "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

The whole body is to be given to God, and kept and used for Him. Will you prove your love to God by letting Him have yours? If so, no impurity is to be allowed, no evil habit is to be indulged, no appetite is to be permitted to gain the mastery, but the whole body is to be kept under, and made the servant of the soul.

Athletes, when in training, are exceedingly careful about their health. They select their food with care, and eat nothing that would disagree with them; omitting heavy suppers; they abstain from strong drink and tobacco; they bathe their bodies daily; they go to bed and get up at regular hours; they sleep with open windows, and so get plenty of fresh air.

This they do for months, and sometimes for years, simply that they may win in contests of strength and skill. "Now they do it," says Paul, "to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." And then he adds, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." (1 Cor. ix. 25-27.)

I know a man who noticed that when he ate too much he became irritable, and was subject to various temptations from which a careful diet freed him. He had to control his appetite in order to keep a clean heart.

Young people are likely to squander their health in all sorts of useless and careless ways, and are tempted to laugh a little at their elders when they lift a warning voice. But they will some day find that advance in holiness, progress toward heaven, and happiness, and usefulness, are more dependent on the right care of the body than they supposed.

officer called upon the large employer of labor, hoping for a substantial donation.

"Yes," said he, "most willingly will I contribute to your cause. One of your men works here, and his godly influence and consistent life have made me a thorough believer in the good work you do at the Army, so here is my gift."

The officer was more than delighted. He was even proud to have this testimony given to him, unsought, of the quiet soldier on his roll, who rarely spoke at the meetings.

Can your employer say that of you?

National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy, and uprightness, as natural decay is of individual idleness, selfishness, and vice.

## Pray, Mothers, Pray!

"Tell mother I'll be there,  
In answer to her prayer."

A veteran in Christ's service gives, in substance, the following reminiscence:

It was during the revival of 1859. When my dear Scotch mother heard of the wondrous waves of blessing sweeping over some parts of the United Kingdom, she exclaimed: "I wonder what the effect on this house would be, if the revival reached Scotland."

At that time, and for three years afterwards, not one of us children gave any serious thought to Christ and His claims upon us.

During our mother's last illness she frequently prayed aloud for us each by name, but even when we stood around her grave the world held us fast, though we knew she had gone to heaven.

A year or so later the revival really came to our town.

The first home to be influenced by it was ours.

Father got a fresh baptism from above, and we four sons and one daughter surrendered our lives to the Saviour.

Thus were mother's prayers answered.

\* \* \*

The solo, "Tell mother I'll be there," had just been rendered, at the close of a powerful address on "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" when a young fellow felt he could stand it no longer. Rising, he left the building immediately for the solitude of his own room.

"I could not sleep at all," he says, "but just as the dawn was breaking I returned to the good Shepherd's fold."

"I have been away from home for some time now, and had determined to go home to-morrow (Saturday) and see my mother, and tell her the good news.

"This morning I received a post card as follows: 'Dear John,—Mother died this morning at eight o'clock.' My heart is almost breaking, for I am too late."

\* \* \*

If another mother's boy reads this incident, let him hasten to answer mother's prayers and tell her the good news before it is too late.

## What Does Your Neighbor Think OF YOUR SALVATION?

Does someone say, "What does it matter?"

Listen to this.

A Salvation soldier was attacked with typhoid fever, and though the father of a little family, and apparently a strong man, in a few days he heard the angel-summons and went to see the King.

A Staff Officer came to make the necessary arrangements for a true soldier's funeral, and whilst doing so was accosted by a woman, who asked if he had personally known the deceased.

"Not very intimately," was the reply.

"Well," said she, "I did, for he lived right next door to me. He went to work early every morning, and did not return until seven in the evening, but he always gathered his wife and little children around him then, got the Bible out, and they used to read, sing, and pray together."

"Many a time," she continued, "I have crept into the back yard to listen to that man praying, and I know he was a man of God; I shall never forget his prayers."

As she spoke tears dimmed her eyes, and the officer understood the weight of the fallen soldier's unconscious influence better than any funeral oration could have expressed it.

Comrade soldier, did you ever think that your life and influence is an epistle being read more diligently day by day by your work-mates, neighbors, and employer, than all the testimonies you ever gave in the barracks?

# THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Compton, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Please address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, &c., must be addressed to THE EDITOR, 18 Albert Street, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Compton.

## Editorial.

**Our Beloved General.** One of the greatest blessings for which we, as an Army, owe continual thanksgiving to God, is that of the tireless example and inspiration of our beloved leader, the General. His ceaseless toil, unsparing activity, indomitable zeal, quenchless love, ardent faith, and perpetual persistence in every campaign stands out before us as a monument of divine grace, and an object lesson of what God is able to accomplish through one man wholly yielded to His will and cause.

The Palestine, New Zealand, and Australian campaigns, details of which War Cry readers have been privileged to share, reveal him again in customary vigor and force, leading on those around in matchless, untiring conflict, attacking the strongholds of sin, insisting on nothing short of absolute surrender to God, and getting men and women converted on every occasion.

At the age when most men retire from ardent toil, and settle down to enjoy quietly the eventide of life, we find him engrossed with new plans and schemes for pushing the salvation war, involving a large taxation on physical power and energy.

**Another Motor Tour.** Already arrangements are in progress for him to undertake all the fatigues and exigencies of another extensive motor tour immediately on his return to British shores, timed for the end of July. It would not be unnatural to suppose that after so many months' journeying, filling a very heavy public program, to which he constantly added extras—such as impromptu addresses on station platforms, etc.—a respite of some weeks would have been in order ere he set forth again, the more so when one remembers that the summer thermometer will be at its highest point. But our God-given leader proposes to address an average of five meetings per day in the districts through which his motor tour is mapped.

Let our prayers follow him unceasingly while we learn also the imperativeness of that spirit which declares, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

**Camps and Open-Air Tactics.** These are our opportunities. Let us not be slack to use them. Every recruit and soldier in the ranks should see to it that the Sword of the Spirit is girded upon him, and no chance lost for pushing salvation upon the minds of the people throughout the summer months.

**A Gap in Missionary Ranks.** Many hundreds of missionaries in China and elsewhere are mourning with genuine grief for the loss, by death, of the veteran founder and director of the China Inland Mission—Rev. Hudson Taylor.

Although already well up in years, and having recently sustained bereavement through his wife's death, he had decided to spend the balance of life's opportunities amongst the people he loved, and for whom he had labored some thirty years. Accompanied by his daughter and her husband, he reached China, but died ere proceeding far inland.

May the mantle of his missionary spirit fall upon many a young man and woman, and as a result the cause of God be extended throughout the Chinese Empire in larger measure.

Another prominent leader in heathen lands has also suffered bereavement. Dr. John G. Paton, the venerable pioneer of evangelistic work amongst the cannibals of the New Hebrides, has been called upon to stand by the tomb of his beloved wife, fellow-companion in so many missionary toils.

Mrs. Paton's record was that of a brave warrior for God. Her pedigree was distinctly missionary—father, brother, and sister all belonging to the front in soul-saving effort.

To be left alone in his old age, to continue the work for which he has lived, must be indeed a severe blow. Let us remember these sorely-tried children of God in their lonely places on the field.

**The International Sunday School Convention at Toronto.** At the moment of writing the Queen City has opened its hospitable arms to welcome the widely-representative convention of Sunday School workers.

The delegates, speakers, and visitors number something like 10,000, and the program is filled with some five days' concurrent meetings, held simultaneously in the largest buildings of the city.

The great topic of the convention is "The Winning of a Generation," and is being reviewed, studied, and discussed by the ablest speakers, both clergy and lay, of our Hemisphere.

Amongst their names one is delighted to welcome an old friend, whose early days of apprenticeship in Christ's Kingdom began at the Army penitent form.

Rev. Alan Hudson was not slow to find his way back to the Lippineott corps, and gave testimony amongst some who recognized him with joy, on the very spot where the burden of his heart rolled away many, many years ago. Mr. Hudson is now pastor of the First Congregational Church, of Brockton, Mass., and was on the list of speakers for the initial meeting of the convention.

**True Recognition of the Sunday School.** The occasion of the convention has given scope for the highest recognition of Sunday School work. In this we rejoice.

The first session opened with cordial greetings and welcome, pronounced by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, followed by the Mayor of Toronto.

The Lieutenant-Governor declared that "the State owed much to those who labored to educate the young in religion, and Sunday School workers deserved well of the civil magistrate, for it was in the interest of the nation that a sense of reverence for God, the sanctity of His Word, the Lord's Day, and for the various aspects of divine truth be inculcated in youth."

In this connection we also welcome the

opinion of our contemporary, the Globe, in stating:

"The man who thinks little of the power and significance of this gathering of international Sunday School workers marks down the narrow skyline of his own little world of life and experience."

**The Lesson for Us.** Surely our junior workers throughout the Territory should take fresh courage, and recognizing anew the importance of their work, should ever seek the highest inspiration as they go forth week by week to teach the appointed lesson to the children.

Remember, we must have the children for Christ. Let the object of every company leader be perpetually to get each boy and girl soundly converted and imbued with the principles of truth, righteousness, and obedience.

## THE GENERAL.

### Melbourne's Welcome.

**Lord Mayor Presides at a Brilliant Civic Reception—Sunday in the Exhibition—316 Seekers for the Week-End.**

(By Cable.)

Melbourne, June 12th. The General's Melbourne campaign has exceeded Commissioner McKie's most sanguine hopes.

It has given the press a topic for some able reviews, and has drawn the authorities still closer to us.

Best of all, it has filled the imagination of the people with wonderment at the Salvation Army as a religious force.

Yesterday the huge Exhibition was the scene of unprecedented events.

Six thousand people, unable to gain admission, clamored around the entrance beseeching the privilege of a look at the General.

Inside, a tempest of Salvationism raged. Our leader's voice rang out clear and resonant, arresting the attention of the vast crowds. His physical vigor was marvelous, and he handled the thousands with the skill of a strategist.

As to his preaching, it was Paul-like, and at night 150 souls sought mercy, making 316 seekers for the week-end—smashing all previous records.

This morning the General's vigor is unabated. He has had fourteen interviews, lunched with the Cabinet, and now is off again to the Exhibition.

The General's campaign in Australia reached a climax on Friday night, when a great civic reception was held in the Town Hall, Melbourne.

The Lord Mayor (Sir Charles Pleasance) presided, and among the distinguished persons present were Archdeacon Hindley, the President of the Methodist Conference, the Presbyterian Moderator, many Judges, some twenty suburban Mayors, prominent politicians, and others.

An address of welcome was delivered by the Lord Mayor.

Archdeacon Hindley opened the proceedings, and unbounded enthusiasm prevailed when the General rose to speak.

The veteran Salvationist stated that in nine weeks he had traveled 8,415 miles and held 102 meetings, at which 130,000 persons attended.

He had also lunched with the Governor-General and with the members of the Cabinet of all the States he had visited.

He was encouraged by the result of his tour, which included the saving of 1,100 souls and the procuring of 100 Candidates for Salvation Army officership.

# The Commissioner VISITS THE BEAUTIFUL BERMUDAS.

CROWDED BUILDINGS—MIGHTY SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS—137 AT THE MERCY SEAT—62 CAME FORWARD IN ONE MEETING—GLORIOUS OUTBURST OF SALVATION—FIELD DAY, ETC., ETC.

By Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

About seven hundred miles to the south and east of New York, out in mid-ocean, lie the Bermudas. The islands were first discovered in 1515 by a Spanish vessel, and commanded by Juan Bermudez, whence the name. There are 365 islands—one for each day in the year. Judge Foster says, "The first landing made on the island was in 1543, by Ferdinand Camelo, who carved his name and a sign of the cross on the south shore rock, not so indicative of his religion as of his superstition. The cross was to frighten away the evil spirits, by whom alone he supposed the island was tenanted. Even in those early days the islands were known to the adventurous Spaniards as Los Diablos, or the Isles of the Devil, and were thought by them to be unapproachable by man, and given up in full dominion to the spirits of darkness." While there are still evil spirits inhabiting these islands, yet to many the cross has been, and is still, the attraction, and hundreds have been led to Christ through the efforts of our dear Army, and our soldiers and adherents may be numbered by the hundreds. Hamilton corps itself can boast of 130 soldiers, and as a German brother stated to us on the boat, it is the best "corse" he had ever seen, but I am glad to say it is a pretty lively corpse. The general outline of the islands is crescent shaped. They are of coral formation and are most wonderfully protected by nature. It is as though a complete ring or rampart of coral rock were built round them. Inside the reef the waters are peaceful beyond description. A thin, but rich, soil covers the coral formation of the islands. Roses, hibiscus, and oleanders are in bloom all the year. Renowned for its beauty is the Bermuda lily. It is said that China, Japan, and Bermuda are the three countries best adapted for the cultivation of the lily. As you drive along the roads fields of the lovely lilies may be seen. "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." The red cedar is the principle native wood, and the hills and ravines are covered with their beautiful evergreen. Palms of all varieties grow in the open air. Concerning the beauties and glories of the islands "the half cannot be told." Sir George Somers declared the islands to be "the richest, healthiest, and pleasantest" he ever saw.

The steamship Bermudian, which took us to the island, is a handsome boat, well equipped, and whilst we had rather heavy seas and bad weather, yet she rode steadily.

### The Reception.

Although it pouted with rain, there was a large crowd to meet us. The Hamilton band, which gave such a good account of itself at the International Congress, were on hand, and as our boat neared the wharf we heard the sounds of "The Maple Leaf Forever." The news soon spread far and wide that the Commissioner had arrived, and the natives were going to have him all to themselves for five days.

### Hamilton's Welcome.

The Commissioner's first meeting was held in the Mechanics' Hall, and despite the rain which fell up to a few minutes of the hour announced, a large crowd gathered, and the hall was practically filled. His Honor Chief Justice H. C. Gollan presided and expressed himself in sympathy with the work of the Army. He had heard the General for himself years ago in the renowned Regent's Hall, in the west of London, Eng. The Speaker of the House, Mr. Watson, and Mr. E. C. Jack-

son, barrister-at-law, also warmly welcomed the Army's leader and eulogized the work. On the Commissioner's rising to speak there was a spontaneous outburst, a greeting which will not take second place anywhere. He spoke of the Army's early struggles and glorious achievements, and we are sure the audience retired with a better knowledge of the Army's motives and work, and more fully in sympathy with it. This wonderful gathering but whetted our appetites for what was to follow.

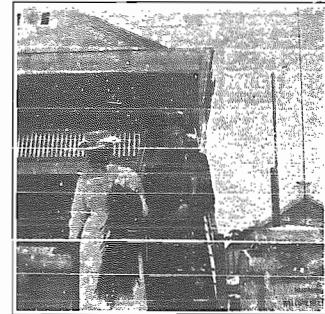
### St. George's Turn.

A beautiful drive of twelve miles, through a veritable paradise, brought us to the oldest settlement on the islands. On our way we passed the "whipping post," where, in years gone by, poor slaves were beaten to death; the devil's hole, and other places of interest. The barracks, which is a commodious building, and perhaps the largest in town, was packed, and the meetings was not one whit behind that of the previous night at Hamilton, and of course took the form of a welcome. We were very much favored with a good chairman, Mr. Campbell Darrell, who is a warm friend and supporter of our work. He had seen the Army operations in the United States and Canada, so that from the time it sounded its first note in the islands he had given it his blessing. The Rev. Messrs. Evans and Brown and Dr. Duncanson spoke very warm words of welcome and eulogized the Army for its successful efforts in reclaiming outcasts and saving sinners of all kinds.

The Commissioner was at his best. The large audience hung upon every word, and what he said respecting the Army's work was an eye-opener. This, the most wonderful gathering ever held in St. George's, was not concluded without a direct appeal to men and women to get right with God. Eleven came forward. Hallelujah!

### Hamilton's Big Sunday.

The Commissioner spent Sunday at the centre corps—Hamilton—and we feel sure this was the most wonderful in the history of the Salvation Army on the islands. The nail was totally incapable of accommodating the crowd—it was a jammer. It is perhaps



A Snapshot of Commissioner Coombe coming down the steps of the Hamilton, Bermuda, Barracks, with a Bermudian Woman Sergeant.

unnecessary for me to say we worked like trojans and God came down and honored our efforts. In one meeting sixty-eight came to the mercy seat, and we had a total of ninety-two for the day. The biggest man on the islands was saved amongst the number. Glory be to God. The Commissioner concluded this red-letter day very weary, but happy.

### Southampton.

A remarkable meeting was held in the Southampton Wesleyan Church (kindly lent) on Monday afternoon. A good crowd gathered to see and hear the Commissioner for the first time. The Rev. Mr. Genge presided. He had met and known the Army in Canada, and was delighted to welcome the Army leader. The Commissioner graphically described his own conversion and his words carried much conviction. Again the penitent form was in evidence, and two women, burdened with their sins, made application for pardon.

### Somerset.

A drive of another four miles, through a very beautiful part of the island, brought us to Somerset, where a great welcome meeting had been announced to be held in the Odd-fellows' Hall. Here we have a nice property of our own, with quarters attached. The meeting itself was one of the best the writer has ever had anything to do with. The building was packed in every part—aisles, doors, windows—people everywhere. The Rev. Mr. Pervis (Methodist) made an excellent chairman. He had met the Commissioner eighteen years ago, in Newfoundland. The Army, its early battles and victories, was the topic. The large audience hung upon every word. At the conclusion of this great gathering several came forward for deliverance.

(Continued on page 12.)



This is a photo of the "War Chariot" in which Commissioner Coombe and Colonel Pugmire reviewed the troops in the march past at the Great Field Day, Hamilton, Bermuda.

# FIELDED BULLETINS

STAFF-CAPT. MCLEAN, WITH BIOSCOPE, ON TOUR.

Staff-Capt. McLean and the Bioscope Co. have just completed a two weeks' trip in Brigadier Collier's Division. He had a grand start at Collingwood for the first week-end; seven souls sought salvation. Monday night was set apart for first service or new moving pictures representing the Army's Social Work in all lands (besides other interesting subjects). That pleased the people very much. The Mayor and aldermen of the town were present, and pronounced it the best they ever saw in moving pictures. The Court House was crowded to the doors.

Barrie was next on the list. We had a good time at this place. The service was given in the Opera House.

Midland, Orillia, and Gravenhurst were visited during the week, and the people were charmed with the moving pictures and the explanation of the social work by the Staff-Captain.

The second week-end was arranged for Bracebridge, with Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McAmmond. We had a grand welcome to this place on Saturday night, and grand crowds turned out for the Sunday's meetings. Much good was done and two souls seeking. The Social lecture, illustrated by moving pictures, was given in the barracks on Monday night to a most enthusiastic crowd.

The following corps were visited during the week: Huntsville, Parry Sound, North Bay, and Sturgeon Falls. People were delighted with the wonderful work that the Army is doing among the poor, also saying the pictures were a sight of a life-time.

Last week-end was spent at Sudbury. The crowds were rather small for the Saturday and Sunday, but on Monday night the barracks was crowded, and the people were very much pleased with the lecture and the moving pictures, and anxious for the Staff-Captain to give them a return visit. The income was \$50.—M. S. J.

## AT THE TEMPLE.

Brigadier and Mrs. Howell to the Front.

Special people create special interest, and make a special time wherever they go. We had such people, times, and interest in our week-end meetings. Brigadier and Mrs. Howell were in charge. From the very offset the Spirit of God was manifest. The holiness meeting in the morning was one long to be remembered. We shall never forget Mrs. Howell's prayer and precious words of gratitude to God, and the Brigadier's address was very impressive. The afternoon meeting, at which Mrs. Howell read the lesson, was one of the old-time free-and-easy gatherings. A good crowd came in spite of the wet weather, and went away feeling that it was good to have spent an hour or so with us. The night meeting was also such an one as crowns a day of special power. Temple band to the front. The songsters sang very sweetly "B'autiful Jesus." You could hear a pin drop during Mrs. Howell's eloquent and effective address. The Brigadier sang an old favorite song. The subject of his address was: "What think ye of Christ?" The prayer meeting took the right turn, and the Spirit of the living God convicted the hearts of the people. Result for the day: eight souls at the mercy seat. Unanimously we invite the Brigadier back to the Temple.

**BISMARCK.** The work of God is steadily going forward in Bismarck, though the fighting is at times very hard and the enemy strong, but, thank God, our great Captain has never known defeat. A number of boys usually found around an S. A. corps have been converted, and are proving God's power to keep. One young man who was almost a cigarette fiend, having used cigarettes for over eight years, has given himself to God, and though it cost him a struggle to leave off the old habit, he found that Jesus could save from that sin as well as all others. Praise Him! We are going to have a visit from Ensign Mercer in the near future, and are looking forward to a grand time. This time he gives us the signal service. May God bless the Ensign. Ina.

**BRIDGEWATER.** We are still marching forward. Fettors Broken. doing our utmost to pull down the strongholds of the enemy. Self-Dental is past. We smashed our target of \$55. On Thursday night, while singing, "He will break every fetter," a brother surrendered himself to God and proved the truth contained in the words we sing. Praise God. We continue to pray for those who have desired our prayers that soon they, too, may choose life.—Yours, bell-ring for greater victories, "The Twins."

CAMPBELLTON, N.B. We are still waging war against the powers of darkness and conscious of God's presence. Ensign Leadley led our week-end meetings. Lantern service, on Saturday night, was a success and enjoyed by a full house. The Ensign, having been stationed here some years ago, always feels at home. We had good meetings all day Sunday. Recently we had three out for salvation. Soldiers much encouraged, believing for still better times.—S. and M.

CANNING, N.S. On Sunday night, when Paying off the Debt. Lieut. Dalzell farewell'd, our hall was packed, and at the close one sister sought and found Christ. We have been favored with a visit from the D. O. Adjutant Wigriff, also Capt. Trafton, of Kentville, and Lieut. Eggleston (who was visiting his home). We have been enabled to pay off a little of the old debt, and the prospects are good that the rest will follow. One of our comrades, Sister McNutt, has been called to part, for a time, with her little daughter, Rosalie, eight years of age. She sorrows, but not without hope. May God abundantly bless her.—C. Reeves.

CARMAN, Man. Sunday, June 11th, God came for Four Sockers, very near to us and blessed us. Good meetings all day. Captain Bristow (or Capt. Buster Brown, as he is called) was with us all day. At night the power of God was felt and we ended up with three sisters at the mercy seat (something wonderful for Carman). Another brother got saved last Sunday and is doing fine so far. Keep believing for some more souls.—John L. Lee.

HALIFAX. I am pleased by the grace of God to report ten precious souls last Sunday. Our meetings for the past three weeks have been good. God has been blessing, but some people seemed to steal their hearts and nerves against God's Holy Spirit, and would not yield. Praise God, last night the break came and ten stepped into the fountain and came forth cleansed in the blood. It did our hearts good to see one dear brother embrace his two daughters as they rose to their feet and claimed salvation. Another grand sight was that of a husband and wife coming to God together, making four in one family in four months. Praise God for victory. Five were wanderers from God and five were strangers to the blood. In the holiness meeting Bro. Velnott warned the comrades that the devil was coming to town on horseback on Monday, and to be careful not to go to see him, because we might be caught in his snare (the circus). This was good advice. To our God belongs the glory.—Sergt. J. M. P.

HAMILTON, Ber. We are still ad-vancing on the Qui Vive of Expectation. vanishing on the enemy, a few more prisoners have been captured, and eight more recruits have been enroled since our last report. The Commissioner and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire arrived all right. We were all glad to see them. They received a hearty welcome from the officers, soldiers, and friends of Bermuda. We are going to have the Commissioner and Colonel with us all day Sunday, and we are expecting some wonderful times. The people of Bermuda are charmed with the Commissioner and also Colonel Pugmire. God bless our leaders. We pray that they may have the pleasure of seeing many come to God ere they bid us goodbye. Look out for reports.—Rank Sergt. F. Moore, R. C.

## NEWPORT.

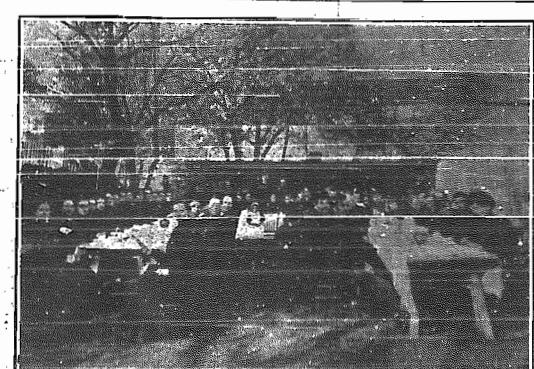
A Young Swede Gets Saved. and we smashed our target, which was \$10, and now we have to say good-bye to our officers Capts. Allen and Osmond. We are very sorry to lose them. They have been a great blessing to many others as well as soldiers. Sunday a young Swede farewelled to sin, and came out boldly on the Lord's side. Although some fall out by the wayside, the Lord raises up others to take their place. On Thursday night we have a welcome for our new officer, Ensign Slater. We are going in with him to win souls for the Master.—Son. F. Webster.

ODESSA. Our corps is progressing. Officers Farewell. Many souls have been won since Capt. Phillips came among us. Ensign Edwards spent the week-end here. His lantern service was much enjoyed. God bless the Ensign. Come again. The following Sunday we had to say farewell to our officers, whom we had learned to love very much. They have been faithful in doing all they could for God and fallen souls. We had beautiful meetings. God's Spirit spoke to many. We pray that God will bless them in every effort put forth to extend His Kingdom. The village meets will miss them, for they have been a blessing to many. God bless Capt. Phillips and Cadet Gifford.—H. L.

PETERBORO. God is still blessing our Farewell and Dedication. efforts in Peterboro. Our barracks is often the scene of a hard fight. Sunday was no exception to this rule. We prayed, sang, talked, and did all we possibly could, yet none relented. We were sorry to have to say farewell to Lieut. Salter, who has been here for the last six months. Lieutenant has captivated many hearts, and his hearty hand-clap and cheerful "God bless you," will be missed. We pray that God may go with him and bless him in his new appointment at Pembroke. A week last Sunday Brother and Sister Barret dedicated their three children to God and the Army. May God bless them and use them in the interest of His Kingdom.—J. Vincent.

PRINCE ALBERT, N.W.T. Ensign Mercer with Six Recruits Enrolled. us for week-end. Grand environment of the re-crests in the afternoon, and at night one backslighter returned. Monday night lantern service grand success. Prince Albert's motto, "On, no surrender."

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. We can still report Specials and Farewells. victory here. The Spirit was with us all day on Sunday. Monday night we had a beautiful service, Brigadier Burdett and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor being present. At 7.30 we lined up for a march, and God's name was indeed glorified in this. In the open-air the Brigadier spoke burning words of truth to the unsaved, and we believe many were convicted of sin. Returning to the hall we found a nice little crowd awaiting us. Everything went with a swing, and we had a real Holy Ghost time together. Staff-Capt. Taylor spoke to us from God's Word and we enjoyed it very much. We have just said good-bye to Adj't. E. Hay S., who has left to take an appointment in Vancouver, B.C. During the Adjutant's stay of several months in our midst she has been a blessing and a help to all, being ever ready to lend a helping hand to the down-cast, and always doing her very utmost to extend God's kingdom. We one and all join in wishing the Adjutant God-speed and success in her new field of labor, and our prayers follow her that God may abundantly bless her in the saving of souls.—W. J. D.



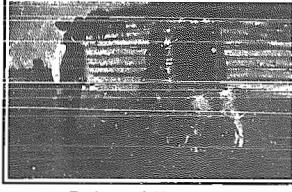
THE TEMPLE CADETS  
TEA PARTY.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coombes arranged a treat for us Cadets who serve at their corps, at the close of the usual Sunday afternoon's tramp, War Cry selling in their own quarters a delicious tables was spread, which the Cadets heartily appreciated. Mrs. Coombes has endeared herself to us lads as a spiritual guide and mother in a very dear sense. We wish them both God's choicest blessing in this new field of labor.—C. Dilabbough.

**SPOKANE, Wash.** Adj't. Slocum is taking a few days' rest. The Adjutant has been extra busy of late, and as a consequence is run down physically. He has worked hard and earnestly to bring our corps to the successful position it now enjoys, and both his heart and that of his dear wife's also, are centred in doing God's will and all in their power to get sinners converted and the ranks of the Army strengthened. Hallelujah! We are one with them in this glorious cause. The Shelter and local officers have had charge of the meetings during the week, and have done nobly. Sunday night a young man knelt at the mercy seat and claimed forgiveness. Thursday night a poor backsider, dissatisfied with the way the devil was treating him, came back to Father's home. He said God's way was the best way, and he has decided to stay "mit it." Officers' councils take place Wednesday and Thursday next, and we expect a blessed time.—Old Joe.

**ST. THOMAS.** The final week-end Young Couple Find Salvation. of our esteemed war-rations. Ensign and

Mrs. Hancock, han come. They have been with us for the last two years, the Ensign laboring very faithfully in the interest of the band. Adj't. Walker, the officer in command, announced the meetings

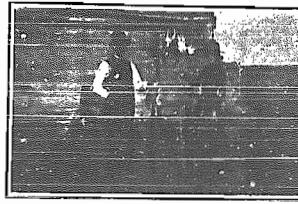


Ensign and Mrs. Lacey,  
Enjoying a short furlough at Neepawa.

### Spokane District Farewells to Canada.

One of the most blessed officers' councils ever held in Spokane was brought to a close Thursday evening, June 15th. The meetings were conducted by Brigadier McMillan (P.O.) and Staff-Capt. Cass (Chancellor). There were thirty-five blood-and-fire officers present, and a more contented and happy group would be hard to find this side of heaven. It was a profitable session; in fact, a second Pentecost. We had two beautiful meetings (Wednesday and Thursday) both open-air and indoor services. God's presence was felt and our hearts rejoiced in five precious souls kneeling at the penitent form, expressing sorrow for their past transgressions, and claiming pardon from a loving and forgiving Redeemer. Hallelujah!

Brigadier McMillan, in commenting on the late Adj't.-Denial effort, said, "I neither heard a murmur nor complaint from a single officer throughout the Province. (This accounts for the splendid success achieved.) And I thank God that I ever had the privilege of commanding such a body of Christlike men and women." The officers, in responding, spoke of their determination to do the Lord's will at all cost. We are sorry to hear that Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass are leaving us. We have learned to love hem for their earnestness and fidelity to the cause



A Good Catch of Prairie Fowl.

well. The last Sunday with the Ensign was blessed indeed. The meetings were marked with the divine presence of God. Four conversions took place during the day. During the afternoon service God came wonderfully near. The Ensign pleaded with the unconverted, and during the singing of that old song of feeling and power, "Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?" right down in the centre of the building a young married couple were standing, with great big tears of repentance running down their cheeks. Very soon both were at the front seeking salvation, with tears and sobs. The soldiers also were in tears. Truly that meeting will be memorable. The young couple turned up in the evening and testified to God's saving grace. To God be all the glory. Wednesday evening the Ensign and his wife bade us their final good-bye, after taking a cup of coffee together. We earnestly pray God's richest blessing to go with them to their new field of labor, and that they may have a harvest of souls, in the united prayer of St. Thomas cor. s.—J. Strain, War Correspondent.

**ST. GEORGE'S, B.C.** We are having Enjoyed Commissioner's Visit. good times down here, and have had a visit from our dear Commissioner (Coombs) and Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire. We had a grand and glorious time while they were with us. The people were delighted with their visit and showed their appreciation and esteem. The hall was packed, and the Commissioner, by the power of God, helped them to realize the necessity of living for God. We all feel he came, as one of old, with the Spirit of God, and when the net was drawn in it had been cast on the right side, and eleven souls cast their all on God. The people say, "Come again very soon."—One who was there.

**SYDNEY MINES, C.B.** A grand musical meeting A Musical Meeting. was held in P. W. A. Hall Wednesday. Ensign Martin and the McLean sisters, assisted by several other Sydney comrades, led the meeting. The singing was good and pleased everybody. We had a full house.—Murray, J. S.M.

**YARMOUTH, N.S.** Yarmouth has added to its Another S.D. Victory. list of honors another stupendous victory, yet not

without a struggle. The faithful comrades of the above-named corps, under the leadership of Ensign and Mrs. Carter, worked hard, and have been successful in securing the sum of \$250 for S.D., being \$50 over their target. Understanding the financial embarrassment of our estate med citizens and practical helpers, through the bank crabs, Colonel Sharp kindly reduced our target from \$250 to \$200, which proved, in the hour of threatening defeat, a great stimulus; so with renewed courage unduly victory was determined. Mrs. Ensign Carter collected \$55 for S.D. God bless Mrs. Carter. Also the Ensign had good success, and every comrade finished well, with quite a number going over their personal targets. May God abundantly bless and give them still greater success in their labor of love for His work, is the earnest prayer of—Yours in His service, C. Tatem, Capt.

flesh, by God's grace I walk in the spirit and in the truth. I feel that we cannot give God greater joy than by walking in the truth. Our Saviour's own words to His disciples when on earth were, "They shall know the truth and the truth shall make them free." I feel that I have purified my soul by obeying the truth. "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was God," and through cleansing in the blood and by obeying the truth, I am sanctified. Glory be to God for the wonderful blessings of the past few months.

Your comrade in the war,  
Candidate Darts.

### YUKON DISTRICT NOTES.

#### A Little About Everything and Everybody.

**Mistr' Iditur.**—Are you acquainted wid Adjutant Cummings and his bister sivin'-d.-hts? Shure and they're the most lovin' owlid couple in the Yukon, and whata's more, the Adjutant is our D. O. Well, sur, I trubblid them wid a visit the other day and wuz entirely pleased to see them dwellin' amid the fair pastures of success. They wuz runnin' the Dawson corps, and wid the able assistance of Capt. Dunlop, wuz howldin' first-class open-air, and the Army Jist shouledders its drum and does that same.

"But where is Capt. Andrews and Capt. Pease?" says I to Mistr' Cummings.

"Oh, they're out on Dominion Creek, collecting their S.-D. target," says he.

And then I found out that Capt. Andrews expleted to raise near a hull thousand dollars, with the help of her earnest partner, Capt. Pease. Th're powerful nice gals, and I fully believe that besdes collecting, they will prove a grate spiritual blessin' to the people of that fine Creek.

When lasht seen Capt. Adams had already pulverized the S.-D. target given him. He busted it three times hand runnin', and is still yellin' "Glory!" An English friend says that the Captain "makes a 'orrible noise for a small man." Of course I couldn't agree, for there is quite a bit of melody about the Captain's "joyful noise."

Jist before takin' the stage for "The Prongs" of Bonanza I axed Pat, "How's your brother Horne?"

"Oh," said Pat, "he's growin' parties and readin' Adam Clark's Commentary on the side."

"How's Charle Freeman, Pat?"

"Oh, he's wieldin' a grate musical influence," says he. "Shure and the music is croppin' out of him all over," says he.

"And Bro. Mahon?" says I.

"Oh, he's runnin' matins evry Sunday on Lower Bonanza," says he, and just then the drivher kracked his whip and off we wint.—Yours as ter, "Movin' Jerry."

### LOCAL OFFICERS OF ST. JOHN'S III., NFLD.

#### A Testimony from Sergt.-Major Hutchings.

Since my converson, about eleven years ago, I have had many blessings; not myself only, but He blesses others through me. The officers, soldiers and myself are trying to push forward the old chariot. I am glad I am a soldier under the Yellow, Red, and Blue and am determined to live and die a soldier. I have done my best since the Lord has saved me. I delight to be doing something for Him. God has sanctified me to do His will.

The last eleven years I have worked with unconverted companions, but God has brought me off more than a conqueror. The Lord never forsakes His own. My post is at No. III. St. John's. It is a fine corps, although small, compared with the others, yet the Lord pours out His Spirit in a wonderful way upon us, and ungodly people are getting converted. I praise God for the length of time in His service. I love the fight, and mean to live and die a true soldier.—Elijah Hutchings, Sergt.-Major.

#### Testimony of Secretary Martin, St. John's III.

I am very thankful to say that the Lord has saved me from my sins. Previous to my converson I was very wild and had been on a booze for the e days. But I came in contact with the Army, visiting No. III. barracks, and that night, although I had a little liquor, I made up my mind to get converted and live a different life. The Spirit strove with me mightily, and at the close of the first meeting I went to the penitent form. I said to my companions by my side, "Here goes for time and eternity," but they replied I was too intoxicated. However, I tried it for myself, and before I left the meeting I was properly saved. Since then the Lord has kept me watchful. I count it an honor to work for Him. I enjoy myself in the fight. I am still going on to learn of Him. The Lord has given me the burden of souls, and it is my meat and drink to see them coming to the cross. My determination is to live under the good old Army flag until I die.—William Martin, Secretary.

#### Testimony.

M'ssoula, Mont.,

June 15th, 1905.

My Dear Comrades,—

I feel like giving unto God's great name glory, praise, and honor, for His goodness to me, who, I feel, am more unworthy than anyone else in the world. God has taken me out of a horrible pit of sin, and now, where once I walked in the lusts of the

# The Commissioner

## Visits the Beautiful Bermudas.

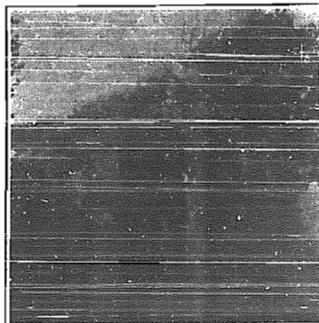
(Continued from page 9.)

**The Field Day.**

Tuesday had been announced as a Field Day in Antilles Cricket Grounds, just outside the city. The following program was arranged:

- 11 a.m.—Grand Rally.
- 1 p.m.—Band Festival.
- 2 p.m.—Social Meeting.
- 3:30 p.m.—Praise Meeting.
- 5 p.m.—Grand March Past.

It was a C. P. day on a small scale. Soldiers and friends came from different parts of the islands to be present. The Commissioner



Commissioner Coombs, Colonel Pugnire and Ensign Hudson Conferring as to Arrangements for the March Past at the Bermudian Field Day.

was in splendid form and some powerful meetings were held. Suffice to say that twenty-six came out for pardon and purity.

**The Great Farewell Meeting.**

All too short was the Commissioner's stay on the islands, and we could scarcely realize it was his last night. This was one of the best and brightest meetings of the whole series. The officers each expressed their appreciation of the visit and their sorrow that

not have been arranged

at the Wharf.

, and a number of soldiers d to leave the Commis- ye. Mounted on the big made his last charge to mitted them to God, and Bermudian Campaign. ritting the Commissioner r are on the high seas,

**F THE TOUR.**

had an interesting inter- nior-General, Sir Robert who expressed himself in,

We were very kindly entertained by Bro. and Sister Tatam, who were more than delighted to look after our temporal needs, and they did it well. The Army flag was hoisted.

Our host got converted in the S. A. eight or nine years ago, having only three cents in his possession when God met him. One of his first weeks' earnings went to square off an old saloon score. From his conversion till now he has kept the contract made with God to give Him one shilling in every eight. He now owns his beautiful residence, is in good standing on the island, and an out-and-on Salvation soldier.

The officers are united for the war, and all worked like Trojans to make the meetings a success, and their faith and toil were rewarded. The names of the officers are as follows: Ensign and Mrs. Hudson, District Officers, and Lieut. Murphy, Hamilton; Capt. Van Dine and Lieut. Smith, St. George's; Capt. Donovan and her Lieutenant, Somerset and Southampton.

While on the islands a little stranger came into the home of Ensign and Mrs. Hudson, and just before sailing the Commissioner dedicated little Nellie Coombs Hudson to God and the war. May she grow up to be mighty in the service of God.

The March Past was an interesting item at the Field Day. Mounted in his chariot (a donkey cart) the Commissioner viewed his Bermudian troops. As they marched past they gave him their sweetest smile.

The photographer who furnished some of the pictures which are to be found in the pages of the Cry gave his heart to God while dining with the Commissioner.

We cannot but be proud of the Hamilton Band, under Bandmaster Symmonds. They attended and assisted at every meeting conducted by the Commissioner.

While passing through New York we were well looked after by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Chandler, Major Stanvon, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mumford, and others. God bless every body and God save the world.

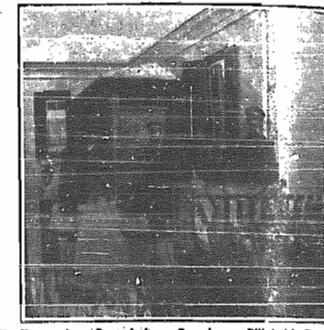
**Training Home Staff at Riverdale.**

The last "Unique Demonstration" of the T. H. Staff and Cadets took place at Riverdale corps on June 15th.

After a rousing open-air and march the chair was taken by Brigadier Taylor at 8 p.m., who, after the opening song and prayer, in his well-chosen remarks pointed out that the sole idea of the demonstration was to bless and save souls. The Brigadier also read the Scripture portion for the evening.

The meeting had a musical character—songs, quartets, and solos, interwoven by a recitation and selections from the Cadets' singing band. Staff-Capt. Scarf and Capt. N. Coombs spoke in a most convincing manner, and Adj't. Smith was famous with his solo, "The Shelf Behind the Door." Cadet Whitier's recitation, "Jonah," was very good, and made quite an impression. A mouth-organ solo by Cadet Turner was well received, also a solo composed by Cadet S. A. Church, and sung by Cadet Mardall. The musical part of the meeting finished with Cadet Dawe's solo, "Over There." Brigadier Taylor then put the question whether we would be "over there," i.e., in heaven, and urged and entreated sinners and backsliders to take hold of their present opportunities to be saved, also exhorting Christians to seek the blessing of a clean heart.

The full results of this meeting will be known only when we meet "over there." Souls were blessed in a definite manner. Hallelujah!—Henry A. Berlis, Cadet.



The House where Commissioner Coombs was Billeted in Bermuda.



Eusige and Mrs. McElhenny, well-known and faithful officers of the East, are coming to take command of the Temple forces. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs, the farewelling officers, are bound for Winnipeg.

Great rejoicing in the house of Adj't. Arnold. A dear baby-girl has arrived to brighten each passing hour. Mrs. Arnold is doing nicely.

The smiling face of Staff-Capt. Goodwin has been seen around Headquarters recently.

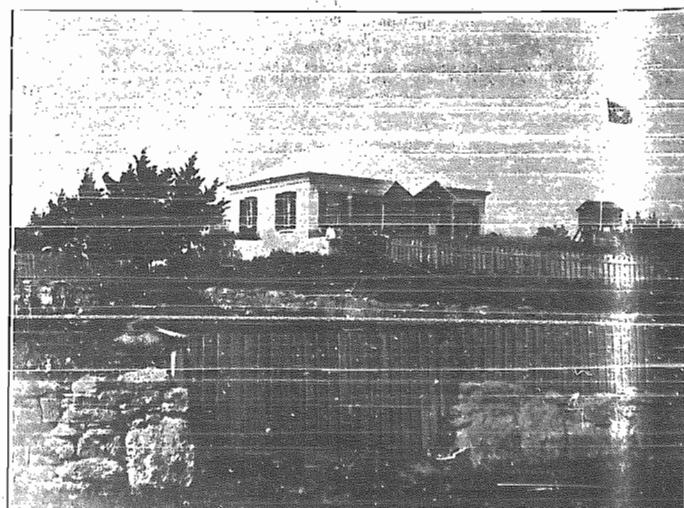
See our numbers, how they swell! Ensign and Mrs. Howell, of Riverdale, have welcomed a little stranger—boy—into their home, and we hear of a similar happening in the home of Ensign Allan, Halifax.

Adj't. Cooper, of St. John I., intends to make his last days in that corps of some import, and taking advantage of the holiday arranged a picnic. Good!

Ensign Leadley is relinquishing his command of the G.B.M. work in the East, and taking a corps again. He will be succeeded by Ensign Campbell, lately of the Soul-Saving Troupe. Success to you both!

Over one hundred dollars were given or pledged to the Rescue Work in Mrs. Brigadier Southall's meeting at Vancouver.

We have been requested to state that our late beloved comrade, Staff-Captain Kinton, passed her last earthly days in her married sister's home, at Huntsville, fondly treasured and cared for. Her last articles written in hospital ward were, therefore, of anterior date,



Brother and Sister Tatam's Hospitable Abode.

# The Great Councils at St. John's, Nfld., LED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

**Melting Meetings—Monster Marches—Musical Treats—The Drummer's Funeral—Fifty-Seven Seekers—Several Candidates.**

Once again the time for gathering at St. John's to attend councils has come to us, and by the time this is in print the meetings in connection with that event will be a thing of the past.

On Thursday, the 15th, was our great welcome meeting to the incoming officers, at No. I., when we hoped Colonel Gaskin would have been with us, but owing to a railway mishap he was detained. Our welcome meeting was one of life and freshness, and we enjoyed ourselves much.

Friday morning our councils began at No. I. school-room, where was reviewed by the Major the work of the past year. He especially commented upon the victory achieved in the Siege and S.D. efforts.

Friday afternoon the Major gave us some lovely advice. His ambition seemed to be to get every officer to recognize the need of the hour, and by the grace of God to meet that need, serving it to the best of our several abilities. It was good, and bristled with illustrations, the truth of which in similar instances we could vouch for.

Friday night a monster march, with two open-air meetings, was but a prelude to the very interesting musical meeting held at No. II. barracks. It was made up of band selections, quartets, short addresses from the officers, selections from the gramophone, and instrumental duets. Major Creighton, with his fine voice and good knowledge of music, helped to make it a great success.

It was intended that the women officers should meet for council Saturday morning, where Mrs. Creighton no doubt would have been a blessing to them, but it had to be cancelled, owing to Mrs. Creighton's indisposition.

By the cross-country train Saturday morning Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin arrived, and quite a crowd of us gave him a right good

## Welcome at the Depot.

While the D. O. attended council in the afternoon, a great many F. O.'s joined the funeral procession of Brother Driscoll, the late drummer of No. I. Brass Band.

The Colonel's welcome meeting was held at the Citadel. A nice little crowd gathered. Several souls came out to the form, and some Candidates were secured.

Sunday morning's knee-drill was ably conducted by Adj't. Sparks. God poured His Spirit upon us.

At 9.30 a march and two open-air meetings, followed by a united holiness meeting, led by the Colonel. Major Creighton soloed. In the course of his remarks the Colonel wished that the Holy Ghost would come and murder someone, then revive them with divine life. Someone remarked that it wouldn't be his (the Colonel's) fault if it didn't happen. Several souls at the form.

At 2.30 p.m. the Colonel again to the front. An all-over-the-shop testimony meeting. Souls again at the form for sanctification, and Candidates secured.

What shall we say of the night meeting? The Colonel poured Gospel shot, with extra heat in them, right and left. The result was

**Twenty Souls at the Cross**  
for pardon. Among them was, to the joy of all, a brother of the deceased drummer who was buried the previous day.

Monday morning, 8 o'clock, D. O.'s council, presided over by the Major. 9.30, F. O.'s council, led by the Colonel. His advice, re health, was excellent, and we hope won't be forgotten. The topics for the morning were corps difficulties, and habits.

At 2 p.m. F. O.'s council, the Colonel leading. Important topics were discussed. He also gave a Bible lesson from 2 Kings 2nd chapter. It was good and God came very near. We felt Him about us and in us.

At 7.30 p.m. a huge crowd at the Citadel to witness

## The Marriage Ceremony,

when Lieut. M. J. Whitman and Ensign Trickley were to be made one in purpose and spirit. The Colonel made the proceedings interesting; we nearly laughed till we cried. Before the finish nine precious souls had knelt at the cross for a deeper work of grace to be wrought by the Holy Ghost. We believe it was done; the holy gladness that lighted their faces was an evidence of it.

The Colonel has had a private interview with every officer. God bless him for the interest and trouble taken.

Tuesday, 1.15 p.m., teachers' council, when the things that pertain to day-school work were discussed; all were encouraged.

At 3 o'clock F. O.'s council—the last for the session. The Colonel led and again was made a blessing to us. We wish he could have stayed for a longer period, he did us so much good. We are hoping to have the Commissioner with us in the fall of the year. We are in love with our leaders, Major and Mrs. Creighton, and will stand by them to obey.

At 5 o'clock the Colonel is away. We wish him God-speed as he goes to meet other appointments. During his meetings fifty-seven precious souls knelt at the cross for sanctification and pardon, the greater majority of them for sanctification. As officers and leaders we are going to our several appointments to be a greater blessing to human hearts and lives.—One who will,

## NORTH SYDNEY.

### (By Wire.)

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris, bound for Newfoundland, with us Sunday. Meetings in Royal Albert Hall crowded, and finances good. One soul. Music and singing delightful.—Ensign Bowering.



The women of the United States are making a lead set upon Mormonism in the shape of a memorial addressed to the Senate for the removal of Apostle Reed Smoot from his place therein.

He being one of the highest officials of Mormonism, and in that capacity having taken the oath pledging first allegiance to the Mormon hierarchy, which is said to admit that the Senate of the U. S. is its enemy, appears to be in a somewhat double position.

The women contend that his place in the Senate is an insult to every home and to every woman in the Republic.

They call it a Women's Campaign.

Out of a population of thirty-nine millions in France, nearly seven millions find their employment and support by cultivating the soil.

In Germany the proportion is eight out of fifty-six millions; whereas in Great Britain only one and a-half out of forty-two millions of inhabitants are employed on the land.

Of the 130,000,000 subjects of the Czar 93 per cent. can neither read nor write, and what is still worse, they cannot even think for themselves. The result is that between the wealthy aristocracy and the poor, ignorant, common people, there is no middle class, and no public opinion. There is an abundance of cheap, strong liquor to be had, and intoxication is naturally the great and only amusement of the people. When an heir was born to the Russian throne, the event was celebrated in a most revolting way by three-quarters of the population of the capital getting drunk.

The total output of minerals from West of Scotland mines during the past year was 19,797,921 tons, a decrease of 57,426 tons compared with 1903.

The Government of India lately decided to add one company of native Christians to each of the twelve Madras regiments.

This is a new departure, and a recognition of numerical importance of the Christians in the Empire.

Submarine wireless signalling is being adopted on British and other coasts. Bells thus struck beneath the water can be heard by vessels from twelve to eighteen miles away.

Farkas Gyulai, the librarian of the University of Kolosvar, has gathered information from thirty-four Hungarian writers, poets, and publishers as to their favorite authors—those who appealed to them most in youth, those whose books aided most in their mental development, and those whose writings they now prefer to read. The first place was assigned to the Bible. This is the testimony of every great student and thinker. There is no book to equal it.

The news of the famine from Van, Armenia, is deplorable. Not only are the stricken people hungry, but are totally without means to purchase seed for their land.

A large amount of money has already been expended, but reports show that the meagre supplies laid in last fall are rapidly giving out, and the number of starving daily increasing.

In twenty-one villages, all in one district, were found 1,259 houses, 873 of them being already in a state of destitution.

Eleven cents per person was given to the 2,453 persons dwelling in them, but those who are striving to alleviate the distress are overwhelmed with applications, which they have not sufficient means to supply.

One worker says: "Life for us is becoming almost unendurable, on account of the almost limitless suffering all about us."

Another ghastly railway wreck across the border, proving instantly fatal to nineteen persons and wounding mortally many more, has sent shudders of cold blood through news readers' veins. Mentor Depot was the scene of the accident, which occurred between 9 and 10 o'clock on June 22nd. The train was the fastest long-distance train in the world. It was running at a speed of seventy miles an hour, crowded with a full complement of passengers in every car. An open switch is supposed to be the cause of the calamity, although it is asserted that this was examined and seen to be in order in the interval which followed a previous train passing. The momentum of the impact caused the collapse of the depot building itself on the ruins of the already burning engine, tender, sleeping, and combination coaches, forming a pitiable funeral pyre to the imprisoned passengers beneath, utterly beyond human reach. Few scenes more heart-rending could be depicted in the history of railway accidents. When at length those in some of the hinder cars were extricated, so crazed and demented were they through their sufferings that they could not even reveal their identity. Who can tell when the journey of life shall come unexpectedly to an end? What dire risk that man runs who declares there is plenty of time, and postpones eternal issues till a last illness or a dying bed, neither of which may ever be granted to him.

One of the sisters recently commissioned by Mrs. Brigadier Southall as a League of Mercy member had a sore trial and sorrow to face on returning home that night. Mrs. Hooper had left her husband in apparent health just before the commissioning meeting, but found him already unconscious in an attack of apoplexy on her return. Assistance was immediately summoned, but without avail. He never spoke another word to her but passed to the shores of eternity as morning broke. Our sympathy goes out to our sister in her overwhelming loss. May she be comforted in ministering to others.

## Our History Class.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XXXII.—(Continued.)

King James was as fond of favorites as ever Elizabeth had been, though not of the same persons. One of the worst things he ever did was the keeping of Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower for many years, and at last cutting off his head. Sir Walter had tried, when first James came, to set up a lady named Arabella Stewart to be queen; but if he had to be punished for that, it ought to have been directly, instead of keeping the sentence hanging over his head for years. The truth was that Sir Walter had been a great enemy to the Spaniards, and James wanted to please them, for he wished his son Charles to marry the daughter of the King of Spain. Charles wanted to see her first, and set off for Spain, in disguise, with the Duke of Buckingham, who was his friend, and his father's greatest favorite. But when he reached Madrid, he found that the princesses were not allowed to speak to any gentlemen, nor to show their faces; and though he climbed over a wall to speak to her when she was walking in the garden, an attendant begged him to go away, or all her train would be punished. Charles went back disappointed, and, on his way through Paris, saw Henriette Maria, the bright-eyed sister of the King of France, and set his heart on marrying her.

Before this was settled, however, King James was seized with anague and died, in the year 1625. He was the first king of the family of Stewart, and a very strange person he was—wonderfully learned and exceedingly conceited; indeed, he knew nothing better than to be called the English Solomon. The worst of him was that like Elizabeth, he thought kings and rulers might tell falsehoods and deceive. He called this kingcraft, and took this very bad sort of cunning for wisdom.

Chapter XXXIII.

CHARLES I.—A.D. 1625-1649.

So many of the great nobles had been killed in the Wars of the Roses that the barons had lost all that great strength and power they had gained when they made King John sign Magna Carta. The kings got the power instead; and all through the reigns of the five Tudors, the sovereign had very little to hinder him from doing exactly as he pleased. But, in the meantime the country squires and the great merchants who sat in the House of Commons had been getting richer and stronger, and read and thought more. As long as Queen Elizabeth lived they were contented, for they loved her and were proud of her, and she knew how to manage them. She scolded them sometimes; but when she saw that she was really vexing them she always changed, and she had smiles and good words for them, so that she could really do what she pleased with them.

But James I. was a disagreeable man to have to do with; and, instead of trying to please them, he talked a great deal about his own power as a king, and how they ought to obey him; so that they were angered, and began to read the laws, and wonder how much power really belonged to him. Now, when he died, his son Charles was a much pleasanter person; he was a gentleman in all his looks and ways, and had none of his father's awkward, ungainly tricks and habits. He was good and earnest, too, and there was nothing to take offence at in himself; so for some years all went on quietly, and there seemed to be a great improvement. But several things were against him. His friend, the Duke of Buckingham, was a proud, selfish man, who affronted almost everyone, and made a bad use of the king's favor; and the people were also vexed that the king should marry a Roman Catholic princess, Henriette Maria, who would not go to church with him, nor even let herself be crowned by an English archbishop.

## Our Medical Column.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.—(Continued.)

"A young lady was lately brought to me by her parents on account of the way in which the effects of her myopia had forced themselves upon their notice during a continental tour. Two school boys were of the party, and they subjected their sister to an unceasing chorus of 'Don't you see this?' and 'Don't you see that?' and 'How stupid you are!' until it became manifest to the elders that a state of things which at home had

always been accepted as a matter of course, was really a very serious evil. A distinguished man of science, who is short-sighted in a high degree, and who did not receive glasses until he was nineteen or twenty years old, has often told me how much he had to do in order to place himself upon the level, with regard to experience of quite common things, with many of his normal sighted contemporaries; and it will be manifest, upon reflection, that the matters which are lost by the short-sighted, as by the partially deaf, make up a very large proportion of the pleasure of existence. I am accustomed on this ground to urge upon parents the necessity of correcting short sight in their children; and I am sure that a horizon limited to ten or even twenty inches, with no distinct perception of objects at a greater distance has a marked tendency to produce habits of introspection and reverie, and of inattention to outward things, which may lay the foundation of grave defects of character. Landscape painters are the only persons to whom myopia can be useful. I once accompanied a landscape painter on a sketching expedition, and after a time asked him if he intended to omit a certain house from his drawing. He looked up with surprise, and said, 'What house? There is no house there.' I at once understood a curious haziness of aspect with which it was his custom to clothe distant scenery in his pictures, and which was greatly admired by many persons, who mistook it for a skillful rendering of an uncommon atmospheric effect; in fact, it was only what the short-sighted man always saw before him, and I am sure he must himself have been greatly puzzled by much of the praise which he received."

"The short-sighted child has no curiosity to explore a world which he but dimly sees, and his habit is to curl himself up in a corner and pore over books. He is absolutely disqualified by his defect from taking part in many games, such as cricket,



The Moore Twins, Gananoque, Ont.

foot-ball, lawn tennis, and the like, since all of them require distinct vision of some distant object. The spectacles, therefore, assuming them to be necessary in order to give the vision that is needed, will enlarge the sphere of his activity rather than curtail it, and the consciousness of their presence soon wears off under the influence of daily use. The apparent danger to the eyes from them, in consequence of falls and blows, is much in excess of the reality, especially if the frames are so constructed as to afford the greatest stability of position. Many short-sighted men habitually hunt in spectacles, and take their share of falls with as little injury as their neighbors; while among the spectacle officers of the German army, in the war with France, the number of instances in which a wound was inflicted or aggravated by the glasses or the frames was exceedingly small."

Even when provided with proper spectacles, short-sighted children manifest a disposition, from the force of habit, to hold their books up close to their eyes, or to put their eyes close to their work.

It is, therefore, important to see that the child maintains an erect attitude, and does not drop the head, since this stooping keeps the eyes filled with blood, and interferes with the breathing. The care of short-sighted children includes, therefore, such attention and supervision as will enable them to get the greatest possible benefit from the spectacles provided for them. It should be observed that the books furnished the child are printed in large clear type.

Another habit which is unconsciously practised by short-sighted persons, is the custom of reading by a dim light, such as twilight or in the light of a fire. They are especially prone to this habit, because they are able to read by a faint light that suffices for people with natural eyes. It is, therefore, desirable that such children should be prevented from practising this habit, as they will otherwise almost certainly do.

One other point should be mentioned here, namely, the curious popular impression that it is better to go without glasses as long as possible. Many people take a considerable pride and satisfaction in avoiding the use of glasses. Such a belief may lead to the most disastrous results. In every case the use of glasses is an absolute essential when the degree of short-sightedness is so great as to cause the patient annoyance.

### A War Cry Boomer.

Who is he? We cannot tell. The photo was received with others in the same mail, but no name or address was given with it.

Moral: Always write name and address on back of any photo sent to the War Cry.



Bismarck.—The pale horse and his rider have visited our corps and taken from our midst Sister Hartley, who for many years was a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Sixty-six years were spent in the service of Christ, and when death came she welcomed it, knowing that to her it only meant crossing the little silvery stream that divided her from the One she loved so well.

A little over a year ago she was enrolled as a soldier in the S. A., and was ever true to her colors, upholding its doctrines.

For the bereaved family we ask the prayers and sympathy of our comrades.

### A TESTIMONY

To the Godly Life of Staff-Capt. Perry.

Prince Albert, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—

I feel that I cannot refrain from writing a few words in reference to the late Staff-Capt. Perry. My first acquaintance with him was as Lieut. Capt. at Halfax H. corps, N.S. He was assisting Capt. Chas. Allan (now Ensign), and from that time I was so impressed with his godly, consistent, pure life that I feel I have indeed lost a brother, and even more—a near and dear friend. Since coming to the West I have met him several times, when he was G. B. M. Agent, and being in his presence even was a blessing to my soul. Our ranks have truly sustained a heavy loss. My sympathy is with dear Mrs. Perry. May the loving, tender, all-compassionate Christ be very near in this sore affliction.

Yours to fight till death calls,

Thomas Scott, G.B.M. Agent.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

You must not think that turkeys first came from Turkey, for they are natives of America. And the Turkish bath originated in Russia. Nor must you think that camel's hair brushes are made from the hair of the hump-backed quadruped; they are mostly of the bushy hair from squirrels' tails.

German silver not only is not silver, but it was invented in China centuries ago, and it is an alloy of some of the inferior metals. Porpoise hide is not made from porpoises at all; people get it from the white whale.

Jerusalem artichokes are not natives of Jerusalem, but are a kind of sunflower. The French call them "givroche" ("flower turned to the sun"), and givroche became corrupted into Jerusalem.

Cork legs are not made of cork, and they did not come from Cork. The willow tree usually furnishes material for them.

### Hash.

There is a right way and a wrong way of making hash. One is to have a nice brown oblong sort of loaf, and the other is to have a watery mass of mush. Use twice as much finely-chopped potato as there is meat. Season with salt, pepper, celery salt, and a little Worcester souce. Put one tablespoonful of butter or beef drippings in a frying pan. When melted, put in the hash, which has been thoroughly mixed. Spread over the bottom of the pan and heat slowly, stirring occasionally with a potato knife. A very little water may be added at first to keep it from getting crumby. After it has been well heated through, form into a loaf shape with the knife and allow it to brown slowly on one side. When serving, slip to the side of the pan, then turn over quickly onto a hot platter.

### Rice and Apples.

Boll one teacupful of rice in one quart of milk until soft. Pare and core eight apples. Put them in a buttered pudding-dish, and place some red currant jelly and coarsely-chopped English walnut meats in the centre of each apple. Fill the spaces between the apples with the cooked rice, and put a layer of it over the top. Brush with whipped white of an egg, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Delicous with plain or whipped cream and sugar.

Brother Smith,

of

St. John's,

Newfoundland.



## RECIPES.

## How to Use Pine.

Pineapples are plentiful and cheap at this season of the year, and may be used in a variety of ways to cajole the capricious hot-weather appetite. A pineapple omelet is delicious, and may be made to advantage in a chafing dish. Beat four eggs with a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a heaping tablespoonful of butter. When it begins to bubble pour in the eggs. When they are firm and nicely browned on one side, place in the middle two heaping tablespoonfuls of pineapple grated fine and sweetened with sugar. Fold the omelet, turn on to a hot dish, dust some powdered sugar over it, and serve at once.

Pineapple fritters are made by cutting thin slices of the fruit, which has previously been pared and soaked in lemon juice and a egg, into a batter prepared as follows: Beat the whites and yolks of four eggs separately. Stir with the yolks a cupful of flour and a little salt; beat the mixture well, and add two tablespoonfuls of cream, and last, stir in the well-beaten whites. The batter should be thick enough to drop from a spoon. Bring a quantity of lard to the boiling point, and fry therein the slices of pineapple dipped in batter. When they are of a delicate brown drain on blotting paper and serve on a napkin with powdered sugar.

Pineapple shortcake makes a fine dessert. Prepare a rich crust as for strawberry shortcake and spread the layers with very thin slices of rich juicy pineapple that for several hours previously have been closely covered in a dish with powdered sugar and the juice of two lemons. Place the fruit between the layers and on top of the crust, and serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Pineapple eclairs are a pretty and delicate dish for hot weather. Take the weight of four eggs in sugar, and half their weight in flour. Add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder to the flour and sift it. Beat the yolks of four eggs until thick, adding alternately the flour and sugar. Then stir in the well-beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in small tins in a steady oven. When nearly cold spread with pineapple marmalade and place two together with the rounded side out; cover with a pink icing flavored with pineapple.

Frozen pineapple is made with a syrup of sugar and water in the proportion of a pint of syrup to a pint of grated pineapple, the juice of two lemons, and the grated rind of one. Strain through a muslin bag and freeze. When half-frozen stir in slices of pineapple cut out into the form of stars, and stir until the ice is frozen solid. Place in fancy moulds and pack in ice and salt.

## WANTED!

Agents to solicit War Cry subscriptions in places where no Army corps is located. Liberal terms. Apply to the Editor, War Cry, James and Albert Sts., Toronto.



## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We are continually receiving persons in any part of the globe; befriended, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thomas R. Coombes, 30 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Enclosed with your application, send a sketch of your case, and a deposit of \$1.00. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made. All expenses are paid by the Commissioner. Our publications are issued monthly, and are entitled to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## First Insertion.

4007. SIMKIN, NELLIE. Domestic. Missing about three years. Last known address St. Louis, where she worked as a waitress. Came out of Barnardo Home about eight years ago.

4917. KENNEDY, EDWARD J. Age 38, height 5ft. 2in., labourer, hair brown, eyes blue. Last known address, Parry Sound. Parents and relatives please write the address above.



4920. HIBBERT, GEORGE DANIEL. Age 37, height 5ft. 11in., hair dark brown, eyes blue. Missing since January 18th, '95. Last known address, Toronto Junction. Chair and couch frame maker.

4934. MCPHEE, JOHN. Age 24, height 6ft., hair dark brown, eyes blue. Missing about three years. Last known address, Duluth.

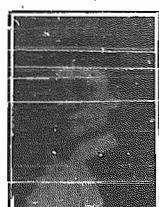
4935. MCPHEE, HUGHIE. Age 23, height 5ft. hair auburn, eyes blue. Missing about four years. Last known address, Kansas City, Hot Springs.

4941. SODERBLOM, GUSTAF BIRGER ALEXANDER. Born in Gottingen. Very tall, brown hair and eyes. Been in Alaska and Klondike nine years. Last heard of in Dawson City.

4942. LEVERTON, GEORGE. Age about 42, height 5ft. 6in., hair light, eyes grey. Last known address, Bradford.

## Second Insertion.

4910. MCCLAREN, ADELAIDE, wife of Daniel McLaren, an elderly person who went over to England to see her niece, Sarah Louise Pickup, about fifteen years ago, and then came back to Canada, either to Toronto or St. Marys.



4921. ADAMS, CLARA (nee Brown). Married. Age 42, height about 5ft. 8in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address: 35 David St., Montreal, Que.

4928. CUNNINGHAM, PATRICK. Age 36, height 5ft. 7in., red hair, fair complexion, blue eyes. Last known address: Buffalo or Welland.

4930. SAW, ARTHUR. Age unknown, height 5ft. 8 or 9in., sandy hair, blue eyes, blue coal mark below one eye. Went to Canada ten years ago. Thought to be working in a sawmill in Toronto. Served in the Boer War with the 2nd East Lancashire Volunteers.

4932. SHORT, JAMES R. Age between 20 and 28, height 5ft. 6in., black hair and eyes. Last known address: 117 Law St., Toronto Junction, Machinist. Missing since 1903.

4912. LATHAM, THOMAS. Age 54, height 5ft. 8in., grey hair, blue eyes. Last known address: Baldwin Hotel, Nanaimo, B.C.

4914. AIKMAN, WILLIAM. Age 34, height 5ft. 6in., brown hair, grey eyes; dairyman; nationality Scotch. Last address: Mr. W. D. Hitt, Trout Creek Farm, Hamilton Ont.

4915. YOUNG FREDERICK. Age 30, height 5ft. 7in., light hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in 1898; was then on a farm near Winnipeg. Left Shirehampton, Bristol, England, in 1898.

4916. GREY, MATTHEW ADAMSON. Age 42, height 5ft. 7in., blacksmith, dark hair, brown eyes. Missing since 1902. Last known address: Northville, Mich., U.S.A. Sister enquires.

4922. HOOK, ALBERT GEORGE. Age 17, 5ft. 4in., dark hair and eyes and complexion, slightly bow-legged. Missing since April, '95.

## IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 30 Albert St., Toronto.

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- No. 4.—The Warrior's Daily Portion, No. I. By Brigadier Eileen Douglas.
- No. 5.—The Way of Holiness. By Lieut.-Colonel S. L. Brengle.
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# SONGS of the WEEK

## HOLINESS.

Tune.—Nay, But I Yield (N.B.B. 66).

1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age—  
My calling to fulfill,  
Oh, may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

Help me to waken and pray.  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

## PURITY.

Tune.—Whiter than Snow (N.B.B. 292).

2 Tell me what to do to be pure  
In the sight of the all-seeing eyes!  
Tell me, is there no thorough cure,  
No escape from the sin I despise?  
Tell me, can I never be free  
From this terrible bondage within?  
Is there no deliverance for me,  
Must I always have sin dwell within?

### Chorus.

Whiter than the snow!  
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,  
And I shall be whiter than the snow.

Will my Saviour only pass by—  
Only show me how faulty I've been?  
Will He not attend to my cry?  
Can I not at this moment be clean?  
Blessed Lord, almighty to heal,  
I know that Thy power cannot fail,  
Here and now I know—yes, I feel—  
The prayer of my heart does prevail.

## EXPERIENCE.

Tune.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

3 I'm a wonder unto many,  
Since I've sought this peace and joy;  
I have comfort and salvation,  
Something that can satisfy.

### Chorus.

Hallelujah! I am happy,  
Singing "Glory!" all the way.  
And I mean to serve the Saviour  
In the dark as well as day.

Oh, poor sinner, do not scorn Him,  
You will want Him for your Friend,  
For this world will shortly fall you.  
You will wish you had Him then.

Jesus stands and waits to give you.  
He is kind and filled with love;  
Stop and think how He has suffered,  
Left His place and home above.

Sergt. Joseph Reid,  
Bay Bull's Arm, Nfld.

## REMEMBER ME.

Tune.—N.B.B. 58.

4 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Did He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

### Chorus.

Remember me, remember me.  
O Lord, remember me!  
Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans,  
And then remember me!

Was it for crimes that I have done  
I lie suffered on the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
While Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the Creature's sin.

Dear Saviour, I can never repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
The all that I can do.

## SALVATION.

Tunes.—Sowing the Seed (N.B.B. 388); Going to Judgment (B. 241).

5 Going to Judgment, not ill to live,  
Going to die, heres account to give;  
Up to God's bar I must surely go,  
Nothing but sin in God's book to show;  
Oh, what will the Judgment be?

### Chorus.

Going to Judgment with salvation light,  
Going to Judgment for not doing right;  
Dreading the sentence, "Depart from Me!"  
Sad, ah, sad will the Judgment be!

What if I will not salvation seek?  
What if I will not hear conscience speak.  
What if God's talents and time I waste,  
Slipping away all the days of grace?

Oh, what will the Judgment be?

What if not washed in the blood Christ shed?  
What if unsaved when raised from the dead.  
What if I do not in Christ believe?  
What if still God's good Spirit grieve?

Oh, what will the Judgment be?

What if I will not take up my cross,  
What if I sin till my soul is lost?  
What if I sink in the burning flame?  
There will be none but myself to blame.

Oh, what will the Judgment be?

What when the Spirit will strive no more?  
What when the Master has shut the door?  
What when I'm crying, "Too late! Too late!"  
What when destruction must seal my fate?

Oh, what will the Judgment be?

## THE THEME OF CALVARY.

Tune.—Scatter Seeds of Kindness (N.B.B. 175).

6 When I ponder o'er the story  
Of the love of Christ to me—  
How He gave up heavenly glory,  
Gave His life on Calvary,  
So that I, poor, wretched sinner,  
From my sins might be set free.  
Go with Him to live in heaven,  
Happy through eternity.

My heart with love is burning,  
For Him my soul is yearning.  
O Jesus, come and fill me  
With Thyself, and make me Thine.

Do you wonder why I ever  
Sing of Jesus and His love?  
O God, grant that I may never  
Think I've said or done enough;  
May my voice always ringling  
With the theme of Calvary,  
Where He purchased my salvation,  
Where He suffered death for me.

Not for me alone He purchased  
This salvation, but for all  
Who will now in true repentance  
Come, and at His footstool fall.  
Though your sins be red as crimson,  
They shall be as white as snow,  
If, believing, you surrender,  
Plunge beneath the crimson flow.

Drummer Dannhauer, Lippincott.

## SOLO.

Tune.—The old oaken bucket.

7 How dear to my heart is the story of Calvary,  
Of Jesus, my Saviour, who suffered and died;  
He came that from sin He might pardon and free me,  
And my guilty past 'neath the blood current hide.

### Chorus.

The story of Calvary, so clear and distinctly  
It comes to my soul as I read o'er and o'er.

One time my hard heart would not soften one iota  
When Jesus, my Saviour, was held up to view;  
But now all is changed, I His favor have gained,  
And Calvary's story's to me ever new.

And now it is sweet, since the past is forgiven,  
To ponder and muse o'er His wonderful love,  
To tell to the sinner the joy He has given,  
And of the bright home prepared above.

## SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in girls whose home is outside the city, ready to assist them in all possible ways.

## COMING EVENTS.

## GREAT

# Camp Meeting

DUFFERIN GROVE, TORONTO,

Saturday, July 1st  
to Monday, July 10th.

## The Commissioner IN COMMAND.

Assisted by the Territorial Headquarters Staff,  
Training Home Staff and City Officers.

THURSDAY, JULY 6th.—3 p.m., Brigadier General  
8 p.m., Great Praise Meeting, Bands and Singers  
in attendance, conducted by THE COMMISSIONER.

FRIDAY, JULY 7th.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor and Cadets.  
8 p.m., The Chief Secretary and Cadets.

SATURDAY, JULY 8th.—Brigadier Taylor and Cadets.

SUNDAY, JULY 9th.—THE COMMISSIONER in command all day.

MONDAY, JULY 10th.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor and Cadets. 8 p.m., THE COMMISSIONER will enrol Recruits and wind up the Camp.

## The Commissioner

will conduct a Great Meeting at the

Camp Ground, London,  
On Thursday, July 13th.

also

Commissioning of Cadets and Farewell  
of Colonel Jacobs, the  
Chief Secretary.

at

The Temple, Monday, July 17th  
at 8 p.m.

## COLONEL JACOBS,

Chief Secretary, will farewell.

LONDON, Camp Grounds .. Sunday, July 9th.

LIPPINCOTT .... Sunday, 11 a.m., July 10.

TEMPLE ..... Sunday, 7:30 p.m., July 10.

TEMPLE ..... Monday, July 11.

STAFF-CAPT. MCLEAN will visit Parliament  
July 6 to 13; Brantford, July 15 to 21.

## T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Edwards.—St. Johnsbury, July 1, 2, 3, 10.

Barre, Vt., July 11, 12; Burlington, July 13, 14.

Tawa, I., July 18, 19; Ottawa II., July 20, 21.

Smith's Falls, July 22, 23, 24; Peterborough, July 25, 26; Cloyne, July 27, 28; Tweed, Peterborough, July 29, 30.

Peterboro, Aug. 1, 2; Millbrook, Aug. 3, 4.

Ensign Edwards.—Kingsville, July 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Bethel, July 11, 12; Clinton, July 13, 14.

Dresden, July 15, 16; Wellington, July 17, 18.

Sarnia, July 21; Smith's Falls, July 22, 23, 24.

Peterboro, July 25, 26; Cloyne, July 27, 28; Tweed, Peterborough, July 29, 30; Peterboro, Aug. 1, 2.

Ensign Edwards.—Kingsville, July 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Wellington, July 11, 12; Clinton, July 13, 14.

Wellington, July 15, 16; Dresden, July 17, 18.

Wellington, July 21; Smith's Falls, July 22, 23, 24.

Peterboro, July 25, 26; Cloyne, July 27, 28; Tweed, Peterborough, July 29, 30; Peterboro, Aug. 1, 2.

Ensign Edwards.—Kingsville, Aug. 3, 4; Clinton, Aug. 5, 6.

Wellington, Aug. 11, 12; Dresden, Aug. 13, 14.

Wellington, Aug. 17, 18; Galt, Aug. 19, 20, 21.

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